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BOOTH MEMORIALS.

Passages, Incidents, and Anecdotes

IN THE LIFE OF

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH,

(THE ELDER.)

BY HIS DAUGHTER.

Asia (Booth) Clarke



NEW YORK:
Carleton, Publisher, 413 Broadway.
M DCCC LX VI.

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MOTHER:

THAT NAME, SO HALLOWED AND REVERED, IS BUT A SYNONYM OF SORROW;

To You,

THE EVER PATIENT AND LONG SUFFERING,

I DEDICATE THESE PAGES.

INTRODUCTORY.

THIS volume was originally designed as a token of the profound love and reverence with which the children of a good and noble father ever regarded him in life, and honor his memory in death. At a more recent period, the perusal of English publications on the drama evincing such total disregard of justice, in all relating to my father, made the task I had undertaken in love, become a duty. After a tedious research, I had compiled a faithful account, and, when very near its completion, it was laid aside.

A calamity, without precedent, has fallen upon our country! We, of all families, secure in domestic love and retirement, are stricken desolate! The name we would have enwreathed with laurels is dishonored by a *son*, — "his well-beloved — his bright boy Absalom!"

My task never should have been resumed, but in the heaviest hours of our sorrow, so many tongues were free to calumniate us, privately and professionally, that I am urged to complete my work, in the belief, that while this truthful sketch may tend to interest the friends of my lamented father, it will serve in all honest minds, to confute the aspersions of evil men.

Of my father's family, there were ten children, five of whom are living, — Junius, Rosalie, Edwin, Asia, and Joseph. By a boyish *mésalliance*, contracted in Brussels in the year 1814, there was one son, who, if alive, is still a resident of London, and of whom we possess no further knowledge.

The engraving of my father as "Richard the Third," was executed in London in 1820. Several portraits were taken in this country; the most excellent is a fine painting of Brutus, by Nagle, an indifferent copy of which appeared in "The Acting American Drama," edited by Lopez and Wemyss

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"Si male locata est opera scribendo, ne ipsi locent in legendo."

PASSAGES, INCIDENTS, AND ANECDOTES

IN THE LIFE OF

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH

(*THE ELDER*).

I.

THE subject of this sketch was born on the first of May, 1796, in the parish of St. Pancras, London. His paternal grandmother was Elizabeth Wilkes, cousin to the orator John Wilkes, and from his mother he inherited the blood of the Welsh Lewellyns. His father, Richard Booth, was educated for the law; but, becoming in his youth more infatuated with republicanism than his profession, he left home in company with a cousin, John Brevett, and embarked for America (then at war with England), determined to fight in her cause.

Booth was taken prisoner, conveyed to France, thence to England, where he devoted himself to

the acquirement of knowledge, and the occasional practice of his profession. Everything appertaining to America was held in veneration by Richard Booth: a picture of Washington, which hung in his drawing-room, was then an object of curiosity among the Londoners; and this he insisted should be looked at only with the head uncovered, and occasionally a bow of reverence.

He attained great reputation as a scholar, although his vaunted love of republicanism rendered him unpopular both as a lawyer and a man. He married Miss Game, who died at the birth of her third child, a daughter. The sons were named Junius Brutus and Algernon Sydney, evidently in a burst of patriotic as well as parental love.

Junius Brutus received a classical education, and gave early promise of his taste for drawing and literature. He learned printing, but abandoned it for the law, and for a while remained in his father's office, transcribing, from his dictation, dry and turgid declamations. Evincing a desire for the navy, he was accordingly rated as midshipman on board the brig Boxer, commanded by Captain Blythe. His projects were soon frustrated by the vessel's destiny being changed from the Mediterranean to

the American coast. His father dissuaded him from going, and the Boxer sailed minus one of her complement. In an engagement with the enemy, she lost all her crew excepting a cabin-boy.

Not possessing that universal genius generally attributed to all who attain eminence, Junius Booth merely essayed one great art after another, and, feeling the insufficiency of painting, poetry, and diviner sculpture, he avowed them all combined in the actor's higher art. His determination to join the players aroused the displeasure of his father, so he left home, and contracted an engagement with Mr. Penley, at Deptford. He began his career as "Campillio," in the "Honeymoon," Dec. 13th, 1813, at a salary of one pound per week; he afterward accompanied Mr. Penley to the continent; and of this tour he kept an interesting journal. Though novelty has rendered him diffuse, yet the accuracy and minuteness of detail show the studious and reflective mind, and the regular course of life consequent on time so assiduously employed.

MEMORANDA OF A VOYAGE TO HOLLAND.

"On Friday, May 6th, 1814, went from Simpson Ways Limehouse, in the Two Brothers, a Dutch

vessel bound for Amsterdam, laden with treacle, with thirty-six people on board, performers for an English theatre that was to open there, under the management of Messrs. Jonas and Penley. It rained very hard, and no wind stirring, we dropped slowly down the Thames to Fiddler's Reach, where we anchored for the night. In the morning, we went on shore, at Gravesend, to lay in a small stock of provisions. We were detained till the afternoon in what is called *clearing out*, and were obliged to give in a list of the performers. We sailed from thence about three o'clock, and, after going through the usual forms of rummaging the vessel, we put our officers ashore, and took a pilot to convoy us to Harwich.

"We dropped down and reached the Nore, where the fleet were at anchor. About eight o'clock I observed, for the first time, the setting sun, which went down in all its splendor, leaving the world to the influence of Luna till the morn. At the same time the admiral's ship fired the evening-gun, on which all the rest followed the example, and the music on board played 'God save the king!'

"After contemplating the beauties of the evening and reflecting on my situation till dark, we betook

ourselves to the hold, which was our bedchamber (the cabin being for the accommodation of the ladies), and slept upon a box all night. The next morning we passed Harwich, where we put our pilot on shore, and sailed past the Martello Towers on the coast, by Orfordness, and put out to sea. Saw several porpoises; wind against us, but very fine weather. In the afternoon I, among the rest, was taken sick, went into the hold and lay till next morning. We were now almost out of sight of land, which, as we gradually lost, I felt a kind of regret within me at leaving my native shore. I cannot help remarking our ludicrous appearance. There were a great number of cossack caps and clown and pantomime head-dresses, which on our meagre and squalid countenances inspired each other with laughter.

"We came in sight of land on Monday evening, but soon lost it. The night was very cold, and three of us, Platt, Jones, and myself, slept on a tub, covered by a coat which we borrowed from a sailor, near a poor, sick Prussian, who infested the ship with garlic. We slept, for the first time since our departure, for about two hours, but were soon awakened by the roaring of the sea and the jargon

of the Prussian and a sailor quarrelling about the bed.

"The wind was right in our teeth. They made several tacks, but lost upon all. We were apprehensive of danger. At night we were in sight of land, and many of us insisted upon going ashore in the morning; then betook ourselves to our miserable beds on the casks and boxes. As soon as morning broke, we insisted on the men making signals for a boat to come to our assistance; and, about seven o'clock, some fishermen put off through the raging surf. We entreated the captain to put into Rotterdam; but he refused to do so, being bound for Amsterdam.

"At length the boat came alongside. When we saw the rude, savage appearance of the men,—cased as they were in leather and wearing large hairy caps and wooden shoes,—we made some scruple of trusting ourselves with them; but we had resolved not to remain in the vessel, which had become hateful to us. We asked what money they wanted; and these fellows, true Dutchmen, demanded ten guineas to take us on shore, — a distance of about three miles. This did not tally with our pockets; so, after much grumbling, they agreed to take two

guineas. We jumped into their boat, and, without bundles or provisions, left the vessel, which we were to see at Rotterdam. We paid our money, upon which the fellows huzzaed in savage joy.

'We then decorated our arms and breasts with some orange ribbon which we had bought at Gravesend. A crowd of women and children had collected on the shore to see us land. The surf beat violently and prevented us landing, on which these fellows jumped into the sea; and, taking a sort of grappling-iron with them, stuck it in among the stones. They then returned; and each taking one of us astride his back, brought us to the shore. This was at Petten, near Camperdown, on Wednesday, 11th of May.

"After satisfying our ravenous appetites we set out. I had not walked far when my feet grew so sore, that I could not put them to the ground. I was obliged to loiter on the way, and with the assistance of Mr. John Penley, I limped along, but was forced to take off my shoes, and hopped over the roads, on banks of canals, composed of shells. I was left behind at a considerable distance without a stiver in my pocket, in a foreign country, and with symptoms of illness.

I could not help cursing my folly at leaving England. About six, I reached Alkemar, where I found my companions smoking their pipes and drinking wine in the Crown Hotel.

"The next morning, hurried to the boat which was to convey us to Amsterdam. I was astonished at the vast number of mills I saw on every side, which verifies the remark that Cervantes should not have written 'Don Quixote' till he had seen Holland. We proceeded to Saardam, a delightful place, and reached the great city of Amsterdam, May 12, 1814.

"May 13, Wednesday, the theatre opened and was well attended. Thursday and Friday, I was confined to the house, my feet being so bad. On Saturday, received our first salaries, and instead of twelve shillings, we got ten. To nearly every window in Holland are attached small looking-glasses, so that you may see who passes in the street without thrusting your head out of the window.

"The theatre is a commodious building. The entrances to the stage are all from the top, which was at first very awkward. It is about the size of the Haymarket, but more formal in appearance.

Instead of a curtain, they have a drop-scene, — a harp in the centre of a blaze of light. There are three theatres, the Dutch, French, and the German. I saw a favorite play called *De Moeder des Huisgezins*. The French theatre is light and neat, and is open the year round. The Dutch is sombre, long, and dark, has a very large pit, and is lighted by one chandelier in the centre. It is now occupied by Davies and Parker, who accomplish more by the evolutions of their horses than Penley with his butcheries of Shakspeare. Zaire was finely acted at the French theatre, and Mademoiselle Dangerville played and sung delightfully in the farce.

"The houses have a quaint appearance with their great wooden chimneys; streets are dimly lighted by lamps slung on ropes from opposite houses. There are a great number of drawbridges, which are lifted by boys and old women, for the barges to pass under. The women wear high-formed caps, and the Boerens a piece of gold round the head, with long thin ear-rings, and a lap under this which hangs on the shoulders. The undertakers dress in a queer manner. It is their business, as well as to conduct funerals, to inform the inhabi-

tants of deaths, births, and marriages, instead of advertising the news as we do. When they go with information of marriage they wear white gloves, and for death they wear black ones.

"On the 28th June, there were preparations made for the arrival of Alexander, Emperor of Russia. All public places were ornamented, and a grand triumphal arch erected, in the Reguliers Bree Straut. On the 2d of July, the emperor arrived; the procession was different from what I was led to expect from the bustle and grandeur of the preparations. He was seated in a plain open carriage, preceded by some of the royal families of Holland; and followed by his cossack, who sat in an open chaise, like a statue, totally unconscious of the shouts and plaudits of the mob. The emperor is like his pictures, but he lacked that majesty — that look above the world — I thought to see in a sovereign. Notwithstanding the rejoicings, famine and misery are on every side; Jews, in swarms, yellow and loathsome as Lazarus, are lying about the streets, or hovering over their little pans of fire, shocking the eye of decency and humanity.

"Arrived at Antwerp, July 22d, 1814. The churches inspire me with awe, and almost deter

me from entering the theatre so shortly afterward. The old women attend the churches with chairs, and come round for any superfluous change one may be troubled with. The appearance of this town shows the effect of the late war.

"Did not observe many Jews, — unlike Amsterdam. The reason is plain, — *vide*, the English! Happening to hear Mrs. Benyon repeat the following address, it reminded me so strangely of a circumstance which once occurred to myself, that I requested a copy of it.

"'AN ADDRESS, WRITTEN BY MR. MATCHETT BENYON, AT THE THEATRE DERBY, FOR THE LATE G. COOKE, ON HIS DEPARTURE. DEDICATED, BY MRS BENYON, TO J. B. BOOTH.

"'Oft have you seen a rash, adventurous boy, —
Just taught to spurn his nurse, and childish toy, —
Of prosp'rous voyages having read at home,
Burn with desire, through foreign climes to roam;
Without experience, and with fancy hot,
Paint pleasure everywhere where *he* is not.
Maternal care he leaves, without a sigh,
For the fond pleasure of variety.
His tender mother, finding precept vain,
With generous fondness, strives to hide her pain;
With care, his sea-habiliments provides;
Wipes from her cheek the tear that silent glides.

The infatuate youth, still stubborn to his plan,
Tries them, — then struts, and thinks himself a man.
But when, at last, the day of parting's nigh,
He drops the tear, and heaves the heavy sigh.
His flatten'd fancy now no sunshine shows,
But shivers at the storm, ere yet it blows.
Oh, should it pour on this devoted head,
And drive me back, your vengeance I should dread!
Not your indulgence could I hope to prove, —
You'd spurn the prodigal that slights your love.
Such is *my* case; yet pity, though you blame,
Nor aggravate my sense of grief, of fear, and shame.'

"On Sunday morning, at half past eight, August 14th, 1814, left Antwerp, by a diligence, and proceeded to Brussels. Passed several villages, and decayed trees which had been cut down during the war to obstruct the passage of the artillery. On each side, nature presented a lovely prospect, while the romantic appearance of the ruins brought to my mind the circumstances and relation of many romances. We stopped to refresh at a little house at Aertselaar, where I saw a picture of the Prodigal Son, done in a style which would have been an acquisition to any noble mansion. We crossed the Ripel, and found a covered wagon ready to receive us. Got in the barge, and at seven arrived at Brus-

sels. Went to the theatre, which is very large, — similar to the Pantheon, — with five tiers of boxes. Lord Wellington was there, with several other principal officers. Wednesday, being the birth-day of S. A. S., the Prince of Orange, there was a grand fête given, and the city illuminated.

"The park was beautifully decorated with lamps, but owing to the strong wind, it was soon involved in darkness, and no lights seen, except the flambeaux of the bourgeois, who were playing on instruments, and the Belgic band of musicians. Our managers, thinking, as it rained in the afternoon, that a performance would answer, opened the theatre, but were obliged to dismiss the house, owing to the absence of Platt and Franklins. The people are more honest than the Dutch, sensible, and well-informed; many understand Latin, and speak it extremely well.

"At the church of St. Lazarus is a stone which attracts attention on account of the following tradition. At the administration of communion, a boy happened to bite the wafer; on which the priest uttered a cry, and bade him spit it out; he did so and the blood of our Saviour ran from it on this stone, which was taken up with silver tools, and

deposited as a miracle. There is also a picture of some Jews who broke into a church and with knives are stabbing the holy wafers; they are seized with horror at seeing the blood, and are striving to escape.

"We had Mrs. Jordon to perform three nights, on which occasions, the Prince was always present. She was received very liberally, and by a full house. I saw Kemble once or twice at the French theatre. On Saturday, 17th, the dresses seized by the gens d'armes, doors locked, and no one admitted. There was a grand ball in the theatre, and only the members of the Society allowed to be present. We performed, on Tuesday 20th, the 'Iron Chest,' and 'Village Lawyer,' in modern dresses, not being able to get at the theatrical clothes. Kemble and wife were in the house, and were announced for the Thursday following. They performed 'Felix and Violante,' 'Duke and Duchess,' 'Hamlet and Ophelia,' 'Shylock and Portia.' I received much encouragement from Kemble. He had a benefit,—almost empty house.

"On Wednesday, I saw, for the first time in my life, three wretches executed on the guillotine.

They were house-breakers, and had been in prison ten months for a burglary, and attempt at assassination. One of them, Moncheur, was a terrible ruffian. He demanded, as he was mounting the scaffold, to speak to his judge. After many fruitless endeavors to obtain pardon, he kissed the priest, and resisted being put on the board. He spoke loud and vehemently; the bourreau winked at his comrade, and, seizing Moncheur by the waistband, pushed him under the fatal instrument.

"On a scaffold erected opposite, were five men and two women, chained by the neck to seven stakes, with a label over each, and thus exposed for an hour, in the same manner as our pillory. They compared Moncheur to the famous Schinderhammer.

"The French theatre (like the English), though not well attended at the representation of any piece worthy of notice, as those of Molière, Voltaire, Gentry, etc., when six tumblers came from Paris, the receipts were superior to the administrators' expectations. It is a common thing to see people kiss each other in the streets,—oftener men than women. Left Brussels Monday, 25th, for Gaud. There were very few English at Gand: many

Americans. The theatre is large and well conducted. Receipts paltry, except on Sundays.

"Arrived at Bruges, Dec. 12th. The entrance to the city is by an iron gate, where stand swarms of beggars ready to steal your bundle, and fiacres to transport your goods. Opened to a good house with 'Travellers Benighted' and 'Of age To-morrow.' The town is poor and dirty, buildings old and ruinous; the place resembles a poor English village, more than a large city. Several fine pictures at St. Saviour's Church, and samples of needle-work, which surpass all idea. We were shown through the hospital by a friendly priest, and visited several convents. In the cathedral are two superb tombs; one is for Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, who was betrayed and killed by his aid-de-camp; the other for his daughter. Closed at Bruges on Saturday Dec. 31st, with 'Othello,' and departed for Ostend. Our large bills had to be stamped, and we should have had to pay for small ones; so, to avoid that, we used printed cards in the form of invitations. Opened at Ostend with the 'Soldier's Daughter,' and 'Of age To-morrow.'

"The cathedral is poor and small; there is a fig-

ure of the Saviour at the entrance, surrounded by skulls and bones. The Day of Innocents is a fête, on which the children are dressed like the parents, and command *them* as children. There was a ball held at the Hotel de Commerce, on the quay. I being foolishly curious, went there after the play (which was Douglas), first in the disguise of a bear, then, being tired of that, changed to that of a countryman.

"We threw for benefits; mine fell on Monday, March 13th, 1815. I had Col. Hannerton's patronage, and the band of the 44th Regiment. Pieces were 'Richard III.' and 'Matrimony.' There were £23 in the house; I paid Jonas £12. On Monday, 20th March, the Prince of Orange was proclaimed King of Belgia.

"Received my books from London, including half a guinea in gold. Have heard frequently from my father. On Friday, Louis the XVIII. arrived in a chariot and six. He lodged at the Green House, in Rue de la Chapelle. We left Ostend, on Friday, three o'clock, P. M., by the London Packet, Capt. Small, in company with Anthony Pasquin, Esq., Mrs. and Miss Watson, Burton, Jonas, etc. After a delightful passage we arrived at Graves-

end, Saturday evening. Were obliged to go to the Alien Office, and not having passports, Dr. Williams kindly gave his name to the commissioners, and we reached the Hermitage, Wapping Wharf, on Monday, April 3d.

"I must here remark that ingratitude is the most odious of all the vices: while at home and on shipboard my heart seldom blessed those who had reared me from infancy, but was filled with fantastic images of the future. I never reflected on the pain and anxiety I had caused, what faults I had committed, and for which too frequently others suffered. The only thing that reminded me of home was the difference of treatment, and being compelled to associate with those I abhor. I do not mean to include all the performers, but by the narrowness of our finances we were constrained to associate chiefly together, and there certainly is in theatrical life greater friendship or greater malice than in any other. When obliged to disguise the feelings of disgust and coercion, life becomes miserable.

"Les passions les plus dangereuse quand l'esprit n'est pas bien employé se levent en fermentation et le produit est une coterie d'idées excentriques et des desires irreguliers."

II.

"Come, give us a taste of your quality."



AVING experienced the vicissitudes of a strolling player's career, and encouraged by the approval of many persons of taste, my father yearned to test his talents in the metropolis. He applied for an engagement to all the prominent London managers, among them Mr. Harris, of Covent Garden Theatre; but, all efforts proving ineffectual, he reluctantly accepted an engagement at the Worthing and Brighton theatres, which commenced in the summer of 1815, under the management of Mr. Thomas Trotter, and claimed peculiar attention and applause from the elegant company visiting those fashionable watering-places. The following letter is from the pen of the celebrated Anthony Pasquin, Esq. (Dr. Williams), who was ever his admiring friend.

BRUSSELS, June 9, 1815.

DEAR SIR, — I have received your letter. As to interfering further between you and Mr. Harris, I have only this answer to return, namely that he is, and will be, the governing judge of what concerns his theatre; and I have done all that I can, *at least immediately*, do, by introducing you to his notice. The rest remains with yourself. In your engagement at Brighton during the summer, I would recommend it to you to play some of your best parts, such as "Richard the Third," "Norval," "Sir Edward Mortimer," but particularly *Richard* for your benefit, as there may be *many eyes* directed toward you, in pursuance of the favorable report which I deemed it necessary to make of your exertions. I have not the honor to know Mr. Trotter, the manager, but am persuaded he will see clearly that you are far above the common class of theatrical *tyros*.

You have learning and a proper sense of your present critical situation; then use both to the furtherance of your dramatic reputation; but do not attend to the suggestion of every trifling observer, but rather act from your own feelings with an occasional reference to that great model of real perfection in many characters, Mr. John Kemble. But above all, preserve a modest demeanor, though you may feel internally vain, as all men have vanity, with this distinction, that the blockhead renders his weakness apparent, and the sensible man does not.

I shall be in England, in all probability, before the announcement of the winter theatres. When you arrive at Brighton, seek for a Mr. Sicklemar, and present him my

kindest remembrances, for he is truly a worthy man, and his advice and protection may be eminently serviceable to you.

We are all in a state of military bustle, with the common enemy at our gates.

Believe me your friend and very humble servant,

J. WILLIAMS.

P. S. Keep the *terms* of your engagement a secret; and read at your leisure the part of "Achmet" in "Barbarossa."

TO MR. JUNIUS BOOTH.

My father's salary at the Worthing Theatre was only £1 10*s.* per week; he afterward became prompter, which capacity he filled until October. Harley, the comedian, was a member of this company. My father finally succeeded in obtaining a London engagement, and was announced at Covent Garden, not for "Richard," as preceding circumstances augured, but for the humble part of "Silvius" in "As you like it."

During the season he appeared occasionally in subordinate characters, receiving a salary of £2 per week. Those who witnessed his exertions were surprised that the managers should neglect one who gave such glowing promise; and several of his friends were strenuous in their endeavors to have him brought forward in the first line of tragedy;

but the best part he had was "Henry" in the "Maid and the Magpie."

Thus humbly fulfilling his duties under a pittance of profit and less of fame, he met with contemptuous coldness from all. Miss Sallie Booth, the actress, wishing to avoid the assertion of her having a relative in such an inferior position, modestly suggested to him that an *e* final to his name would prevent any unpleasant mistakes.

At the close of the season my father, disappointed with his London experience at Covent Garden, and perceiving that nothing like advancement awaited his efforts, again joined Mr. Trotter of the Worthing and Brighton theatres. He filled the capacity of acting manager at £2 2*s*. per week, and a benefit; but owing to the unpleasantness of his situation and frequent disputes with the manager, he left, not caring whither he went.

Previously he had been cast for "Harlequin," but was prevented playing it by an accident at the rehearsal, which confined him for some days to his room. In this place he had become a favorite in consequence of his performance of "Fitzharding" in the comedy of "Smiles and Tears."

On leaving the Worthing Theatre, he proceeded

to Windsor, but as if fate impelled him he returned to Worthing, where he was reëngaged, the manager first reducing his salary to £1 5*s.* per week. He subsequently performed at Brighton. In this place Kean was advertised for the part of "Sir Giles Overreach," but not arriving from London, my father undertook the character at a short notice.

The house was indifferently attended and great disapprobation manifested on his entrance. He had spoken only a few lines when the opinion of his *presumption* gave way to acclamations of surprise and delight. He afterward enacted "Bertram" at Worthing with increased honors. The warmth and applause of his reception overpowered his feelings, so suddenly had he gained the reward of his long exertions. His rendition of "Richard" was greatly eulogized, and his genius at length discerned and applauded.

Congratulatory letters flowed in from all quarters. Those inserted are from persons of condition and acknowledged taste.

Nov. 1.

Sir, — I shall be much obliged to you if you will inform me by return of post where you perform, and what characters, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday next. On either, per-

haps all, of these days, I should endeavor to make it my business to see you perform. I should like to see you play the part of a villain, if possible. If my name be unknown to you, I beg leave to say that I am connected with Drury Lane Theatre, and have heard Madame Storace speak in your praise.

I am your obedient servant,

DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.

EAST CLIFF, Nov. 9.

SIR, — It is impossible for any words of mine to do justice to the delight and admiration I experienced in witnessing your performance of last night. It was indeed the most finished piece of acting. Believe me, you could not make the slightest alteration in any part of it without injury. I understand you have never seen Mr. Kean in the character of Bertram, and I readily believe this, as there was not anything that bore the slightest resemblance to imitation of that great actor. It was all *entirely your own*, and I regret the limits of a letter will not allow my running over every scene separately, that you might be convinced how sensible I am to the genius, the judgment, the feeling you evinced throughout the whole of this arduous character.

Had you been before a London audience, the enthusiastic applause you would have received from so many hundreds as are there met together, would have rendered useless this tribute of praise and admiration I thus offer you. But as in

this place the theatre has been poorly attended, and as real merit is often too diffident of its own worth, I not only gratify my own feelings, by endeavoring to show you the pleasure I have received each time — but most of all last night — from your performance, but I also desire to aid the many friends you already have, in inspiring you with that confidence in your own powers which will render you equally at home in every character you undertake, as you have been in those I have hitherto had the pleasure of witnessing, and apprehensive of no ordeal through which you must pass before you have opportunity of rising to that fame and fortune to which your transcendent merit so justly entitles you,

With sincere wishes for your prosperity,

I remain yours,

JANE CHAMBERS.

III.

"When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war."

AT the suggestion of the Honorable Mrs. Chambers, Lord Erskine, Garrow, Dr. Williams, and others, Mr. Harris of Covent Garden was induced to give my father a *trial* night at his theatre. The letter, announcing that he would be advertised for "Richard," passed him on his way to London. He was greatly astonished to find his name in the bills, having written to every manager in the kingdom for an engagement. On February 12th he enacted "Richard III." at Covent Garden Theatre.

"Upon the conclusion of the play, the audience stood up waving their hats, and insisted on 'Richard the Third' being repeated the next in preference to the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' which had been announced. The manager acquiescing with the public request, Mr. Booth personified Shak-

speare's tyrant, on the Thursday evening for the second time, and was flattered again by his auditors calling for a repetition of the character upon the succeeding night."

His friends, while rejoicing in his success, persuaded him to defer further repetition in consequence of the great excitement and fatigue he had undergone; and, as no definite engagement had been effected, a friend advised him to demand proper terms. Mr. Harris referred to the salary received by Mr. Booth the former season, namely £2, and proposed to pay him £5. This was declined, and a controversy arose, which ended by Mr. Booth desiring that his name should be omitted in the bills for Monday.

Mr. Edmund Kean, of the rival theatre, hearing of this misunderstanding, immediately visited my father in his "chariot," overwhelmed him with congratulations, and told him "to jump in, — he had got an engagement for him." He drove at once to the committee-room of the Drury Lane Theatre. Lord Essex, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Lamb, were here assembled. A memorandum was hastily drawn up, which my father was as hurriedly induced to sign, not being allowed time for quiet reflection or

advice. These gentlemen in their friendly conversation dwelt on the ill reception of his proposal by Mr. Harris, and assured him that he would be thought of no more, as they had already omitted his name in their bills. Accordingly he dismissed it from his mind, and now considered himself free from Covent Garden Theatre, and duly engaged at Drury Lane. Mr. Harris subsequently went to the committee and expostulated, but in vain.

On February the 20th my father played "Iago" to Mr. Kean and others at Drury Lane Theatre. The house was crowded to the utmost, and the excitement at its height. The two players bravely contested the crown, and the laurel wavered between them. Now some well-known points of their established favorite would awaken shouts of applause, and then a glance, a gesture, an insinuation, would cause a rapturous outburst in favor of the "stripling."

An English theatrical work of 1825 says, —

"Booth's *entrée* at the very opening of the scene was hailed with the most flattering plaudits, and by a house crowded to suffocation. When Kean and Booth entered together, the applause was electrical. The circumstance itself is only paralleled by the conjunction of Garrick and Quin; and our

modern performers looked at one another and then at their auditors, as if uncertain what to do. At length, after Kean had bowed at least half-a-dozen times, they stood closely together and indicated their gratitude by both bowing very respectfully to the whole house. Kean on this occasion outdid all his former outdoings; and, though Iago' is not a part for applause, Booth elicited it in every scene."

The piece was announced for repetition with applause as enthusiastic as was ever heard within the walls of a theatre.

Mr. Kean, the acknowledged king of tragedy, did not intend to allow a continuation of this rivalship. He had previously seen the power of his adversary, and merely proffered him a taste of adulation and success before attempting his downfall. It is needless to explain that in the signing of that fatal memorandum, Mr. Kean had covert design. He knew the contents in their literal and technical signification, and Mr. Booth did not.

Importuned as he was by a powerful enemy, so newly changed into his warmest friend, in a moment of gratefulness and impulse he signed the paper, which placed him at the mercy of Kean. The scheme was soon developed, as Mr. Booth received the startling information that he would

not be allowed to play any of Mr. Kean's parts, "Richard," "Hamlet," "Bertram," "Sir Giles Overreach," etc, but that he was to perform "Richmond" on Thursday to Mr. Kean's "Richard," which was in direct violation of his engagement.

In the publication of these unfortunate events, many gentlemen, who were spoken of as Mr. Booth's friends, proved to be his secret enemies. Their conciliatory manner might have been deemed politic, at the time, and, under existing circumstances judicious; but I transcribe from a truthful record, indited with many a heartache, and in the hopeful endeavor to do justice to a name so long maligned.

In the floating pamphlets of that time, Messrs. Salter and Pope are repeatedly called "Mr. Booth's friends." In his own writing, they are more strongly designated as "My evil genius," and "Satan's aid-de-camp." He says: "My offence was trifling, — being the effect of a grateful impulse and imagined incivility; but Salter's and Pope's of magnitude, — for never were wretches more assiduous in their attempts to corrupt the morals of youth." Kean, also, Judas-like, betrayed with a show of kindness, although the men-

tion of his name merely, in later years, elicited from my father a burst of genuine praise and unselfish admiration.

Oxberry's Dramatic Biography, in alluding to this event, remarks: —

"Those who are inclined to believe that Edmund Kean did all this from feeling toward Mr. Booth, are welcome to retain their opinions; but we beg leave to differ. That Kean wished Booth to have a competent salary, we believe; but that he also wished and intended to crush any hope of rivalry on his part, we are absolutely sure. During his career, Mr. Kean has never suffered any performer to have a chance of eclipsing him in public favor; he threw up 'Manuel,' because Rae was so excellent in 'De Zelos,' — he would not perform in the 'Italians,' because he feared to stand beside Miss Kelley's 'Page;' and he would not allow David Fisher to play 'Hamlet' for his own benefit."

Excitement was now at its height, and placards were teeming with admiration of the "Moor" and his "Ancient." The rival players were the principal topic of conversation; and parties were known as the *Keanites* and the *Boothites*.

At the time of receiving the information from Drury Lane that he was no longer to appear in equal parts with Kean, he was also notified by Mr.

Harris, that his engagement at Covent Garden was not legally ended. Suffering from bodily weakness and long-continued worry of mind, these new distresses wrought upon his excitability so as to unnerve him for further struggle.

He was induced, by Mr. Salter, to decline playing "Iago," and a note was despatched to Mr. Rae, to that effect. This was at three o'clock, — in full time for a change of performance, or a placarded apology for Mr. Booth's non-appearance in the evening. Salter then hurried him off to Tottenham, where he remained at the house of Mr. Pope, solicitor, until Sunday, two o'clock.

The theatre was crowded, on the following evening, to witness the repetition of "Othello;" but the manager came forward to explain the absence of Mr. Booth. He stated that Mr. Kean would assume the part of "Iago," and he (Mr. Rae) would play "Othello." Late in the evening, the following letter was dispatched to the managers of Drury Lane: —

Gentlemen, — In an unguarded moment, I quitted Covent Garden Theatre (where the most eligible situation for the exertion of my professional talents was open to me), to go over to Drury Lane Theatre, where I have since found, to my

cost, that every character which I was ever desirous or capable of playing was already in possession, and that there was no chance of my appearing in the same. What occasion, therefore, could you have for me, unless to crush any talent that I may possess in its infancy?

I have seen through my error, and have, therefore, renewed the negotiation, which was so unfortunately interrupted, with the proprietors of the Covent Garden, and have just signed a regular article with them, for three years. Consequently, I have no longer the power of appearing again at Drury Lane, and you will have the goodness to take my name entirely out of your bills.

Your humble servant,

J. B. Booth.

IV.

"When Fortune means to men most good, she looks upon them with a threatening eye."

ONE of the most disgraceful riots ensued which ever occurred in a civilized community. For a pardonable offence, a citizen was judged by his enemies and condemned by a hired mob. Although from first to last he endeavored to apologize and explain without obtaining credence or attention, yet he withstood their displeasure bravely.

It is almost incredible at this day that a man could be so foully wronged, and justice and the law so heedless of redress. The first theatres in London were the scenes of the most revolting riots, and the subjects of a fierce newspaper war, while the hirelings of the rival theatres, endeavored to deprive a defenceless citizen of fame, position, and the means of livelihood.

An excited audience awaited the entrance of

my father as "Richard," on Tuesday evening, at Covent Garden Theatre. Applause and hisses assailed him, and for a time the tumult was deafening. Quiet was gradually restored, and after many interruptions the play ended amid a confusion of plaudits and faint sounds of hostility.

As the slightest sound of disapproval is more hurtful to an actor's feelings than applause is gratifying, my father made an appeal to the public through the columns of the press. The cringing tone of the numerous placards, apologies, and letters then extant, would lead one to conjecture he had erred grievously. They were obviously the design of anxious managers to protect their property and quell the disturbance.

This period of intense theatrical excitement proved also a week of vital importance to the interests of the community at large, as it witnessed the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act.

On Saturday, 1st of March, he again performed "Richard," to an overflowing house. His entrance awakened the most rapturous cheering, mingled with hisses; wreaths, and bouquets, and boughs of laurel fell around him, which elicited groans and hootings from his enemies. A paper was thrown

from the pit, containing a desire for him to explain and apologize. It was perused by him and responded to immediately: —

"*Ladies and Gentlemen,* — I have endeavored all in my power to atone for the disappointment to which I was instrumental in another place. I have apologized for my conduct on that occasion, and endeavored to explain the circumstances under which that conduct was influenced. I now again most humbly and sincerely repeat my apology."

The play then continued, frequently interrupted by shouts and hisses, and at the close, he was called for by general acclamation. Mr. Faucet appeared and announced a repetition of the performance on the following Monday. The admiration excited by my father's unquestioned ability, his youthful appearance, and dignified bearing, tended greatly to allay the storm of opposition, and on the 3d and 6th of March, he repeated "Richard" to overflowing houses.

My father was accused of being an imitator of Kean. In stature and appearance, the resemblance was striking; the faces of both were pre-eminently handsome, of classical regularity, and possessing great mobility of feature. Their temperament was similar, both being impulsive and ener-

getic, copying nature with rigid truthfulness, and having that intensity of feeling by which the actor is merged in the character personified. This complete abandonment of individuality, the surest trait of innate genius, was the distinguishing peculiarity of each; consequently, both naturally adopted the same style of acting, founded on that of Cooke, yet possessing all the chaste and classical embodiment of the Kemble school. The similarity of temperament can more clearly explain that unavoidable sameness of taste and production frequently evinced by poets, painters, and actors, than any argument that can be used to disprove the assertion of imitation.

From "Some Account of the English Stage, from 1670 to 1830," I extract the following, which alludes to this theatrical riot: —

"Kean wrote a foolish letter about what was called the *Wolf Club*, and said it was no longer in existence. Probably not, but it is clear from what happened to Meggett at the Haymarket in 1815, that there was some combination among Kean's friends, to prevent any new performer from succeeding in "Richard III."

My father repeated the character of "Richard III," and "Sir Giles Overreach," alternately, until

March 15th, when he appeared as "Posthumous," in "Cymbeline." During the month he enacted "Fitz-harding," in "Smiles and Tears," "Rinaldo," in the "Conquest of Torranto," and "Sir Edward," in the "Iron Chest." He was nightly greeted with enthusiastic audiences. "Cymbeline" was produced with Booth as "Posthumous," Young as "Iachamo," Kemble as "Polydore." The following, on his rendition of "Posthumous," is one of the numerous flattering criticisms of the day: —

"In his impassioned scenes, even in the height of grief, of rage, of jealousy, and despair, he never oversteps the bounds of nature. Nothing can be finer than his acting those scenes of torture which occur in the character of 'Posthumous;' and his delivery of the last speech in that character is in the highest degree natural and impressive; but we shall be more struck with his merits when we consider the common defects from which he is exempt. He has no measured cadences, no unnatural pauses, no affectation, no vulgarisms of speech, no quaint inflections, which even the best actors are so apt to fall into.

"His emphasis is seldom wrong; he never overacts his part; his representation is always natural, and if he be sometimes wanting in grace, or propriety of attitude, there is no dry stiffness of manner, — he is at least easy, and it is only wonderful that his faults should be so trifling and so sure of

amendment. Indeed, to dwell on such blemishes in an actor of one-and-twenty would be like criticizing the figure of a passing cloud; before we can trace its outline, no trace of it remains."

The following letter is from the pen of the celebrated William Godwin, father-in-law of Shelley, and author of "Caleb William:" —

SKINNER STREET, Feb. 27, 1817.

SIR, — I witnessed your performance of "Richard" and "Iago," and you may, perhaps, not be displeased with receiving hints and remarks from a person of old experience in matters of taste and literature. With your "Richard" I was not altogether pleased. You got through it with too much bustle, activity, and energy, and were rewarded with almost unexampled applause; but it appeared to me a representation rather of promise than of that full conception and meditation I long for in a performer.

Your "Iago" struck me very differently, — I mean in the third act of the play, for the rest was not excellent. I have seen Garrick and most of the performers of the last age, but I confess that on that evening I saw something new. I never before saw a scene in which two male performers fairly divided the crown, and so completely kept up the ball between them, as to produce all the best effects of illusion. Your tones of insinuation, in particular when you infuse the poison of jealousy into Othello, were so true, that by my faith, I felt "this tale might have won my credit too."

I immediately became impressed with the persuasion, this Booth will make a real actor! I set down these things because, as you are a very young man, they may be of use to you. But I should not have troubled you with this letter, were it not for the particular situation in which you now stand. You have incurred the displeasure of the common frequenters of the theatre. I know not how the contest may terminate, but I write earnestly to recommend to you not to be cast down if the event be unfavorable. I shall be the loser if this brutal outcry drives you from the London stage, but *you* will not be the loser. The whole British dominions will be before you, which you may visit with undiminished fame. You are not driven from us for any defect in your profession. The shortness of your career will only have rendered it more illustrious in the eyes of the inhabitants of distant parts. You will be what in your profession is technically called a *star;* and country-playing, under such circumstances, is, I believe, more profitable than playing in London. You will then return to us after a year or two, improved in your profession, and unanimously and rapturously welcomed, even by those persons who are now most eager in exploding you.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM GODWIN.

It is a received opinion, although an erroneous one, that these occurrences banished my father from the London stage. He successfully pursued

his engagement at Covent Garden, and afterward played frequently at the city theatres. Although his fault was insignificant in itself, it was of moment to his detractors, as the riots materially injured him in a professional view, and created a longing for a wider field of action.

V.

"No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours."



N the 31st of March, 1817, my father performed "Richard III.," at Woolwich; on the 3d of April, "Othello;" and on Saturday, 19th of April, he played "Sir Edward Mortimer" in three different towns. At eleven, A. M., he played at Cirencester; at four, P. M., in Gloster; and at eight o'clock, in Cheltenham. For this arduous achievement, he received about £30. This provincial tour ended on the 13th of December. Total of shares, £1124 16*s*. On the 7th of April, 1818, he played at Stratford-on-Avon.

This lovely little town — so admired by the tourist, so universally sought by scholar, poet, and divine — has ever been a spot of peculiar reverence to the actor. With more than ordinary tender-

ness, he esteems the privilege of standing on this soil as portion of his birthright. The air to him is filled with images of various plays, more weird and fantastic than visions of Walpurgis Night; his mind teems with well-known passages, while quotations, apt and beautiful, fall from his tongue, and he feels what a glorious honor has been bequeathed this particular art, not alone by the life-long devotion of the immortal mind, but, also, by the proud assurance that *Shakspeare* was an *actor!*

It was solely for the singular gratification of performing in this place of rare remembrances, that induced my father (as, doubtless, others have been similarly influenced) to personate the characters of "Richard" and "Shylock" in the little theatre at Stratford. To a mind so peculiarly attuned to melancholy as his, how impressive must have been the solemn grandeur of that sacred edifice where the immortal poet lies! —

We enter the holy of holies;
Pause here, —
For this is the high-priest of nature,
Shakspeare!
We cannot divine the full feeling
Our innermost spirit revealing,
And baffling all art of concealing.

Not the sanctity power has left
O'er the place,
(Dust will all grandeur despoil
And erase,)
But the creatures his pencil has wrought,
And the wisdom his genius has taught,
Will live while the Mind holds a thought.

Man's *heart* was the book nature gave
To her son,
And Time has attested the work
Nobly done.
Though ages have passed since his birth,
Two worlds are recounting his worth,
And hail him the monarch of earth.

In July, my father made his first appearance in Glasgow and Edinburgh, where he played most successful engagements. Afterward, he visited nearly all the principal cities, and re-appeared in London in the fall of the year, at Covent Garden Theatre; and repeatedly performed "Richard" and "Iago." This engagement terminated on the 4th of November, 1818; and, after playing in several of the English towns, he proceeded to Dublin, where he performed eight nights most successfully, notwithstanding it was the Lenten season. His share of receipts was £104 5*s*. He visited,

on his return, Bridgeworth, Newport, Scarborough, Beverly, York, etc.; and at some of the towns included in this tour, the receipt of £1 is marked for the difficult performance of "Sir Edward Mortimer" and "Jerry Sneak."

The theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, for years had possessed the exclusive privilege of producing Shaksperian plays, by a patent conferred upon them by the crown. The minor theatres, although conducted with as much liberality as their more favored rivals, were obliged to confine themselves to melo-drama.

But the exclusive monopoly of the "Immortal Bard" by the patent theatres was often disputed by the Transpontine houses, which, in their production of Shakspeare's plays, resorted to the introduction of melodramatic music, and sundry alterations and curtailments, thereby avoiding the strict letter of the law. My father broke through the established rules by performing "Richard the Third" at the Coburg Theatre, in Dec. 1819, for six successive nights, and "Horatius," in the "Horatii" and "Curatii," on the following seven.

The run of this piece was interrupted by the death of the Duke of Kent, in respect to whose

memory the theatre was closed on Jan. 24th. Upon its re-opening, my father performed "Brutus" in the "Fall of Tarquin" for five consecutive nights, when all amusements were again interrupted by the death of George the Third. During the month of March, he visited Aberdeen, and returned to London to resume his engagement at the Coburg, which theatre opened on Easter Monday, April 3d, with the "Crusaders" and a pantomime. On the 6th, Mr. Harris, of Covent Garden Theatre, proposed for Mr. Booth to play "Lear" for six nights.

The tragedy of "Lear" was in especial requisition, having been long removed from the stage by royal command, as the madness of Lear was similar to the disorder of the late king. The consent of Mr. Glossop, the Coburg manager, was obtained, and Lear was accordingly produced, on the 13th of April, 1820, with the following cast: —

Lear, ...	MR. BOOTH.
Edgar, ...	C. KEMBLE.
Edmund, ...	W. C. MACREADY.
Kent, ...	FAWCETT.
Cordelia, ...	MISS S. BOOTH.

VI.

"Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere."

MR. BOOTH'S 'Lear' proved one of the proudest efforts of his genius. His execution of his character was transcendently beautiful. It requires no ordinary mind to properly conceive it. The scene in which he is turned out to bide the pelting of the pitiless storm is one of terrific grandeur. How admirably Booth represented the scene, no one who ever witnessed him can forget; and his recitation of the following passage, amidst the storm and darkness, was sublime: —

"'Blow wind and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples!
You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head.'"

"Lear" was represented three nights a week for several successive weeks. In consequence of the injunction laid against the minor theatres, prohibiting them from playing the regular drama, Mr. Glossop brought out "Lear of Private Life," a piece constructed on Father and Daughter, a tale by Mrs. Opie. Mr. Glossop effected an engagement with my father to play "Fitzharding" in this piece three nights a week, being the "off nights" of his engagement at Covent Garden.

"For weeks, the Coburg was filled with large and enthusiastic audiences, where tears were an acknowledgment of the power of this master of the passions; while, on alternate nights, the boxes of Covent Garden were lined with the beauty and fashion of London."

He played "Fitzharding" fifty-three nights, and for his benefit on the 29th of May, 1820, "The Medusa's Wreck" was performed, a scene from "Lear in Private Life," and the new pantomime of "Fortunio." It was during this engagement at Covent Garden, in the characters of "Lear" and "Jerry Sneak," that my mother first saw him. He often repeated the pleasantry between them when she discovered that he was actually "that poor, little old man."

He visited Norwich, Rochester, and Maidstone, playing a few nights in each place; and, on the 25th of July, he opened at Cheltenham, played five nights, and one night at Gloucester, where he took the stage-coach for Ludlow. Here he gives a memorandum of a death: "A lady, alone and apparently friendless, expired in the coach; the scene was very touching. We carried her for six miles. The remembrance sadly affected my acting that night, for the suddenness of death completely unnerved me. Played 'Octavian' and 'Bertram' badly."

In August, Mr. Kean played a round of characters previous to his departure for America, and father appeared at Drury Lane with him, enacting "Iago" to his "Othello," "Edgar" to his "Lear," "Pierre" to his "Jaffier." In October, my father played several characters in Reading, visited Weymouth, etc.; and appeared at Drury Lane Theatre under Elliston's management on the 4th of November. He played a great number of characters; among them, "Lear," several times; and "Opechancanough," an Indian chief, in an American drama. "Julius Cæsar" was also produced, with Booth as "Cassius," James Wallack as "Bru-

tus," and J. Cooper as "Anthony,"—all appearing for the first time in these characters.

This engagement closed on the 13th of January, 1821. On the 18th of this month, he married Mary Anne Holmes, at the residence of the Hon. Mrs. Chambers. This lady, who had always manifested a great interest in my father's career, presented his wife on her wedding-day with those well-known jewels, which decorated his Richard's crown.

They made a brief visit to France, stopping at Calais and Bologne, and on their return to England, my father decided to visit the West Indies professionally. They sailed from Deal, at which place he purchased a piebald pony named *Peacock*, to which he had become much attached, and, who in after years, became closely identified with my father. The vessel was obliged to stop at the Island of Madeira, and attracted by the loveliness of the scenery, he was induced to alter his determination, and pass a portion of his time in surveying its beauties. They remained for several weeks at Madeira; and, as horses were exceeding rare on the island (oxen and mules being used on the mountains to carry freight, etc.), Peacock cre-

ated great excitement. Sums of money were offered for him, but my father declined parting with his new favorite; and in April, he took passage for himself, wife, and pony on the schooner Two Brothers for America.

It is a singular coincidence that, in beginning his theatrical career, my father sailed to a strange country in a vessel bearing the same name as that which bore him over the waters to essay his fortunes in the New World.

V.

"You shall be well desired in Cyprus."

AS they were the only passengers on the schooner, the captain resigned his cabin for their accommodation, and, after a tedious voyage of forty-four days, they landed at Norfolk, Va., on the 30th of June, 1821. On his arrival, my father introduced himself to Mr. Charles Gilbert, manager of the Richmond Theatre, and an engagement was immediately effected. He opened, on the 6th of July, in Richmond, Va., in the character of "Richard the Third."

The effect of a long sea-voyage, and the excitement of playing before a new audience, rendered him somewhat tame during the first acts; but his fire and energy, in the closing scenes, delighted the manager, and electrified the audience. Notwithstanding his coming thus unheralded into a

strange country, in the sultriest season of the year, and appearing with all the disadvantages of new surroundings, company, etc., he won the most eloquent praise, from critics and audience.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN EXTENDED CRITIQUE IN THE "RICHMOND ENQUIRER," ON MR. BOOTH'S "RICHARD THE THIRD":—

"Gentlemen who have seen Cooke in this part, do not hesitate to pronounce Booth superior to *him*, and others, who have lately seen Kean in the same character, aver that, in some scenes, he is equal, and in others, the most trying of the play, superior to that celebrated actor."

He performed four nights, and proved a fortunate acquisition, as the business of the theatre was at a very low ebb. The characters he personated were "Richard," "Lear," "Sir Edward Mortimer," and "Bertram." He entered into a contract with Messrs. Gilfert and Graham, to act throughout the Union for a specified nightly sum.

He performed in Petersburgh for six nights, and then retired to a country place, where he remained for a few weeks enjoying rural life. This habitation was a road-side inn, between Richmond and Petersburgh, where weary travellers were in the

habit of tarrying over night. One evening, father overheard the landlord commanding the waiter to "get the new lodger's boots," — referring to a "fresh arrival," who had retired early, and thereby caused suspicion in the mind of the wary host. The boy returned, with the answer, "The gentleman says he has no boots." "Go up, at once," replied the landlord, "and demand his *shoes*." The boy came back, and stated, in dismay, "The gentleman says he has no shoes." The landlord now became very excited, upon which my father inquired why he was so anxious to obtain the lodger's boots. "Why, sir," the host replied, confusedly, "we have strange characters stop here, sometimes, who have a way of rising early in the morning, and walking off, before any of the family are astir: so I manage to get possession of their boots, and they are compelled to remain until their bills are settled." This explanation was sufficiently expressive. The host and his family, assuring themselves of the evil intentions of the "footpad," as they designated the unconscious lodger, were exceedingly anxious in watching his movements. In the morning, the person who had been the cause of so many dark surmises, made his appearance at

the breakfast-table. To the astonishment of all, he proved to be the distinguished tragedian, Thomas Cooper. This meeting with Mr. Cooper was often related by my father as a pleasing incident, since it led to an agreeable acquaintance with that celebrated actor. The indignant landlord was suddenly transformed into a most obsequious host, and became lavish in his apologies for disturbing a guest for so trifling a thing as his boots, stating that "he always liked to have them brushed for the gentlemen before they rose in the morning."

Father returned to Richmond in September, and fulfilled a second engagement — which was more lucrative than the preceding one during the summer season — in that city.

On the 2d of October, he arrived in New York, where he was immediately engaged by the manager of the Park Theatre, and announced to play "Richard" on the 5th. From the numerous allusions of the press, I transcribe the following: —

"The notoriety of Mr. Booth in London (and from the various reports of our friends who had seen him there), had greatly excited public curiosity. In consequence, a full and fashionable audience assembled at an early hour on Friday evening, to witness his *début*. He was welcomed by three

long, distinct rounds of applause, and we could perceive he was embarrassed, and sensibly affected. When we reflect upon Mr. Booth's youth, and the effect produced by his acting, we cannot withhold from him our highest praise. In the tent scene, he showed much originality; rising from the couch, he dashed to the bottom of the stage, and, with an attitude and expression of countenance we cannot describe, and will not forget, but which was neither that of Cooke, Cooper, Kean, nor Wallack, he made an extraordinary and most sensible impression on the audience. There was at first a pause, which suddenly burst forth into a long and rapturous applause, intermixed with loud expressions of approbation. In the contest with Richmond, and the dying scene, he was loudly applauded, and fell amidst the cries of 'Bravo! Bravo!'"

In those days there were but two regular theatres in New York, the Park and the Bowery. *Stars* were generally engaged by managers for the limited space of six nights, and rarely prolonged the engagement beyond twelve. The repetition of standard plays for a great number of nights consecutively, so common in our age, was not known by the old "Park worshippers" nearly half a century ago.

On the occasion of my father's first benefit in New York, he appeared as "Hamlet," and "Jerry

Sneak" in the old farce of "Mayor of Garrett." The "New York Post" of the ensuing day said: —

"At the close of the afterpiece there was an unanimous cry for Mr. Booth, scarcely an individual leaving either pit or boxes, but waited for his change of dress; he then appeared amid the shouts and huzzas of a delighted audience. The young stranger was so evidently embarrassed at the unexpected compliment, that he was almost unable to speak, and addressed the audience in a voice so low, that we were unable to hear all he said. We understood him, however, to say that he was overwhelmed with gratitude; he knew not how to express the feelings which their kindness and liberality had inspired; he was unaccustomed on such occasions to address an audience; he did not expect the honor would have been extended to him; he never should and never could forget it. This agitation evidently increasing, he bowed to the audience and retired amidst thundering applause, leaving behind him impressions not a little improved by the modesty of his deportment."

The gross receipts of this engagement were, —

October 5th,	"Richard,"	$1150
" 6th,	"Octavian,"	560
" 7th,	"Brutus,"	760
" 8th,	"Lear,"	800
" 9th,	"Othello,"	600
" 10th,	"Hamlet,"	1200

"His representation of 'Hamlet' we have always regarded

as one of his best efforts. From the first to the last scene it was but a succession of brilliant and startling effects. It was a complete study in itself. Indeed, we never saw any actor that embodied the character with such a perfect conception of the author's meaning. Passages of obscure and doubtful import as generally delivered became clear to the dullest comprehension. Instead of deducing the character of 'Hamlet' from the text his mind seemed to grasp at once every thought and act of the melancholy prince in one entire and perfect unity, and the words, as they fell from his lips, appeared rather the spontaneous echoes of his own heart than the studied phrases of the author.

"How beautiful was his scene with 'Ophelia' in the third act! The strange and startling burst of passion at the sight of the King, — the introduction of whom for a moment was entirely new to us, — was softened by his tender feeling for 'Ophelia,' and the quick and passionate pressure of her hand to his lips as he leaves her, betraying his predominant love in spite of his harshness, was a master-stroke of excellence. His interviews with his mother were intensely striking, particularly the one wherein the ghost stalks through the apartment. The sudden look of amazement and the thousand thoughts that seemed rushing through his mind at the sight of his father's spirit in arms were admirably depicted. The lines beginning —

"'Why, look you there! look how it steals away!'

were given with thrilling effect. His ruminations upon

human life and his uncertain destiny, his interview with the *Ghost*, the scene with the *Players*, and his colloquies at the grave of 'Ophelia' were the perfection of art." — *The Actor.*

VIII.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but Nature more."

FROM New York my father travelled south, acting in Baltimore, Norfolk, Charleston, New Orleans, Savannah, etc., his travels being one long ovation. During this tour, Junius Brutus Booth, the first son, was born in Charleston, on the 22d of December, 1821. Among the numerous anecdotes of my father's eccentricities, I shall give those only which bear the semblance of probability, and such as have been given me, on reliable authority. It is rumored that he frequently expressed a desire "to retire from public life, and keep a lighthouse." That he seriously contemplated such a step is

shown by a memorandum of his, dated February 12th: —

"Spoke to Mr. Blount, collector of customs, and one of the passengers, about Cape Hatteras Lighthouse. He offered it to me with the dwelling-house, and twenty acres of land attached; and a salary of $300 per annum, for keeping the light, — government providing oil and cotton, — a quart of oil per diem. Grapes, water-melons, cabbages, potatoes, carrots, and onions, grow in abundance there. Rain-water the only drink; a cistern on the premises for that purpose. Abundance of fish and wild fowl; — pigs, cows, and horses find good pasture. Soil too light for wheat or corn. Flour bought for four or five dollars a barrel. The office is for life, and only taken away through misbehavior. Lighthouse seventy-five feet high; light requires trimming every night at twelve o'clock. *No taxes whatever.* Fire-wood is procured from the pieces of wreck found on the shoals. One dollar per day is the charge for men who assist in cases of wreck. Strawberries, currant-bushes, and apple-trees should be taken there; also a plough, spades, and chest of carpenter tools. *Pine* tables the best. Mr. Blount is to write me word if the office can be given me in April next, from his seat at Washington, North Carolina."

It may be necessary to add that my father did not obtain the situation of "lighthouse-keeper,"

owing, as was eventually disclosed to the timely interference of theatrical managers, who were loth to suffer the total eclipse of so brilliant a star. Although his disposition was ever humble and retiring, it is singular that in the zenith of his fame, and with such glowing prospects of fortune, he should contemplate a life of hardship and comparative poverty as more desirable to happiness.

He now made his first appearance in Boston, which is thus spoken of in the "Record of the Boston Stage:"—

"The first appearance of this great actor in Boston, where for so many years he has attracted those most conversant with the different schools of acting, and has delighted elsewhere the most critical audiences in the world by his masterly impersonations, occurred on the 6th of May, 1822. He made his appearance as 'Richard,' a character which he is identified with, wherever he has performed. His acting then received the applause of a Boston audience, and up to his last appearance in this city, prior to his death, he retained the position he so eminently deserved. During his engagement, he performed 'Sir Edward Mortimer,' 'Sir Giles Overreach,' 'Octavian,' and for his benefit, 'Hamlet,' on which occasion, the receipts were eight hundred dollars. Booth's acting always evinced genius. Like Edmund

Kean, there was inspiration in his embodiment of Shaksperian characters, and even when the words were lost to the hearing, the eye needed no vocal interpreter, for Booth more than any actor we have ever seen, possessed the power of combining a meaning in every gesture, and a silent glance was equivalent to a delivered sentence. As a soliloquist he excelled. With many actors, all soliloquies seem like so many title-pages to the succeeding acts; but Booth avoided all strains after startling points, and gave to such passages, both in 'Hamlet,' and 'Richard,' an interest without destroying the unity of the play."

In the summer of 1822, while the yellow fever was raging in Baltimore, my father, still indulging the romantic desire of retiring from the world, purchased a farm twenty-five miles from that city, lying in Harford county, Maryland. As this became his constant resort when free from the excitement of his profession, and is so closely associated with his theatrical career, I shall attempt a description of its natural beauties.

"The farm" contains about one hundred and fifty acres of dense wood-land; and, on one side, adjoins a great forest, called the "big woods." It is situated three miles from "Bel Air," the county town; the same distance from two smaller

villages, and almost as far from a neighboring store or dwelling. By a crooked lane, winding among the trees, we approach the house, which is of log, plastered and whitewashed on the outside, with the singular contrast of red window-sashes, shutters, and doors.

This diminutive log-cabin stands in a clearing, encompassed by huge oaks, sycamores, and poplars. It was removed to its present locality, across several fields; and the proceeding caused great excitement among the primitive inhabitants of the great woods, as the assistance of all the negroes, oxen, and horses in the neighborhood was in requisition.

The forest scenery is romantic and beautiful. There are huge rocks with tiny cascades; streams and springs of delightful water gushing out in the most remote places. Natural bowers of flowering vines, and groves of tall interlacing trees, wild flowers of every shape and hue, from the simple field-violet to the spotted lily and scarlet lobelia of the marsh. Long copses of hazel-bushes and old English hips and haws, and nuts of various kinds abound. Away off in the great forest, where the light seldom penetrates, is the "Dismal Swamp," covered with gorgeous lilies and bright grasses, and

here on the smooth sward are those magical fairy rings, on which no grass ever grows. Here, too, is the old well-trodden foot-path of the Algonquin Indian; and, winding far away through the dark, still woods, the ground is strewn with the memorials of these lovers of warfare and the chase. Arrow-heads of every dimension, axe-heads and tomahawks and curiously cut stones are thickly buried in the marshy ground, as if for all time these solemn woods should keep their memory. Here in these wild forests my father made his home, far removed from the turmoil of city life, and surrounded by his growing family and faithful servants, among whom he labored with the zeal of an anxious farmer. There were some sternly enforced rules in his household; one of which, causing more dissatisfaction than others, was the entire prohibition of flesh for food. Animal life on the farm was sacred, from the dainty partridge to the black snake and wild boar of the wood. The servants, if actually requiring meat, were allowed money to purchase it from the neighbors; but the immediate family religiously observed the law of abstinence. Another thing forbidden was the felling of trees. Every tree was held sacred from the axe as if a Druid or a

woodland nymph inhabited its trunk. Fallen trees and brush served for firewood, while animal and vegetable life flourished in rare luxuriance.

In this year 1822 my grandfather, Richard Booth, arrived from England, and settled at the farm. From his youth he regarded this country as the desideratum of all men, and in his old age he had come to end his days here. He displayed great energy in managing the farm in his son's absence; and memoirs of celebrated men, numerous odes to Liberty, etc., found among his papers, bear evidence of the employment of his leisure hours. At the close of his life he was occupied in translating "Eneas," with a view of adapting it to the stage.

I subjoin a copy of the play-bill announcing my father's first appearance in Philadelphia, at the theatre now known as the Walnut Street Theatre. Three years previously Edmund Kean made his *début* before a Philadelphia audience at this house.

NEW THEATRE.

The managers respectfully inform the public, that

MR. BOOTH,

Of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden, is engaged for a few nights, and will make his first appearance in this city on

Monday Evening, February 17th, 1823,

In the Tragedy of

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Richard, Duke of Gloster,	Mr. Booth.
King Kenry the Sixth,	" Warren.
Prince of Wales,	" Hathwell.
Duke of York,	Miss H. Hathwell.
Duke of Buckingham,	Mr. Wood.
Henry, Earl of Richmond,	" H. Wallack.
Duke of Norfolk,	" Wheatly.
Tressel,	" T. Jefferson.
Catesby,	" Darley.
Ratcliff,	" Scrivener.
Earl of Oxford,	" J. Jefferson.
Lieutenant of Tower,	" Bignall.
Lord Stanley,	" Hathwell.
Lord Mayor,	" Burke.
Tyrrel,	" Murray.
Blount,	" Greene.
Queen Elizabeth,	Mrs. Tatnall.
Duchess of York,	" Jefferson.
Lady Anne,	" Darley.

After which, a favorite Farce, called the

SPOILED CHILD.

On Wednesday, the "Iron Chest;" *Sir Edward Mortimer*, Mr. Booth.

On Friday, "A New Way to Pay Old Debts;" *Sir Giles Overreach*, Mr. Booth.

My father usually travelled from his farm to Philadelphia or to Richmond in his *carryall*, with two horses, "Captain," a very large animal, and the favorite but diminutive "Peacock," driven *in tandem*. He frequently encountered Mr. Cooper the tragedian, who also travelled in his own conveyance.

IX.

"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."

WHILE my father was fulfilling an engagement in Charleston, March, 1825, Lafayette made his entrée into that city, in consequence of which, the theatre was used for balls and other entertainments. He thus alludes to the occurrence: —

"I saw Lafayette; he is an affable, noble-looking man. The theatre is given up for balls, etc., and all business suspended; the excitement and confusion are general. Jackson has not one advocate here, although lately this State voted for his being President."

In this year, my father sailed for Europe, accompanied by his family, and an extract from one of his letters refers to his accidental meeting with Kean. By the active intercession of mutual friends an explanation was affected, through which

these remarkable men became reconciled, and ever afterward there existed between them a reciprocity of kindly feeling.

One of the most beautiful qualities of my father's nature was *humiltty*, — that lowliness of soul which emanates from a disregard of self, and, while elevating its possessor, causes him to appreciate in others all that is truly great and good unaffected by the meaner passions. Perhaps it was the daily exercise of this self-abnegation that rendered him so childlike yet so noble in the eyes of all who loved him, while, in the pursuance of his profession, it left him free from all the petty malice and jealousies of an actor's life, and enabled him justly to award praise to the meritorious, and discern true worth in any garb.

LIVERPOOL, Sept. 20th, 1825.

DEAR FATHER, — At last we are arrived after a passage of twenty-nine days' duration, which is a long one from America at this season. To-day we go to London through Leicester. Kean sails the day after to-morrow, by the 'Silas Richards,' for New York. Strange that he should meet me here — he ready to embark, and to that very country I have just left; he has been quite ill and looks wretchedly. I passed an hour with him last night at his quarters, and reconciled our ancient misunderstanding. The vessel he goes

in to New York will most probably be the conveyance for this letter. I really wish he may meet with success. He has been all along a victim to sharpers and flatterers, who buoyed him up with the notion of omnipotence, which now he awakes from, and perceives the hollowness of those on whom he mostly relied. Macready is sick, Young is gone to Italy for his health, and Elliston is reported to be dying.

My father appeared in London at Drury Lane Theatre, opening in "Brutus," and, being loudly called for at the fall of the curtain, he persistently refused to go forward, urging as his reason that the custom should be abolished. After this engagement, he played at the Royalty Theatre, and on his opening night after the performance of "Richard" the entire building was burned to the ground. It was the result of an accident, by which he lost nearly all of his wardrobe, and the management upwards of £18,000.

From a letter of his, dated February, 1826, I take the following: —

"The distress is so excessive in consequence of the number of banks failing, and the full weekly list of bankrupts, that men look upon each other doubtful if they shall defend their own, or steal their neighbor's property. Famine stares all England in the face. As for theatricals they are not thought of, much less patronized. The emigration to

America will be very numerous, as it is hardly possible for the middling classes to keep body and soul together."

My father received an offer to perform in rivalry with Macready, in Dublin; but, not considering the pecuniary inducement sufficient, he declined, and after fulfilling an engagement at Bristol, under the management of the father of Mr. W. C. Macready, he visited Holland. At Amsterdam he performed "Macbeth" several times by special request of the Prince of Orange, who was present at each repetition of that character, and witnessed also his performance of "Iago," on which occasion Mr. S. Chapman enacted "Othello."

After performing in Rotterdam, Brussels, &c., he sailed from the former place for America, in the ship "Draper," Captain Hilliert. Possessing a facility of acquiring languages, he had made himself master of many tongues. Greek, Latin, and French were the acquisition of his college days. German and Spanish he studied in maturer years, and Arabic he was endeavoring to acquire in age. On this homeward voyage, in 1827, he was occupied in the study of Italian. It was his habit to set himself a task consisting of a certain number of words which he had previously written on slips

of paper, and, as he walked the deck of the vessel, to commit them to memory.

An unfortunate passenger, who was allowed free access to all parts of the vessel, and who, although insane, was not considered dangerous, conceived the idea that my father was a conjurer and practising the black art upon him. One day, while the unconscious student was in his cabin, the black girl rushed in, exclaiming, —

"The crazy man is coming with an axe."

My father turned toward the cabin-door just in time to catch the glance of the man who held the uplifted axe. With the unflinching gaze of self-possession he fixed the eye of the maniac, who gradually lowered the weapon, and, letting it fall behind him, walked slowly away.

My father, on his return to America, made his first appearance, on the 24th of March, at the Park Theatre, and played successively, "Richard," "Sir Giles Overreach," "Sir E. Mortimer," "Posthumous," "Reuben Glenroy," and for his benefit "Selim," in the "Bride of Abydos," and "Jerry Sneak." In the month of June he again performed at the Park, appearing for his benefit as "Pescara," in the Apostate, — a character written

expressly for him by Sheil, and which he had at first declined. The elder Conway represented "Hemeya" on this occasion.

In 1828 he consented to undertake the stage management of the Camp Street Theatre, New Orleans, under the lesseeship of his friend, Mr. Caldwell. He personated "Richard the Third," for sixteen nights to densely crowded houses. During his leisure hours he had perfected himself in several French plays: among the number were "Faïel in Gabrielle De Vergy," "Tancred," Shakspeare in "Shakspeare Amoureux," &c., and being a proficient in the French language he was solicited by Mr. Davis, of the Théatre d'Orléans, to play "Oresté," in Racine's tragedy of "Andromaque." His accentuation was so perfect, and every peculiarity of French acting so minutely observed by him, that the astonishment and delight were universal. At the close of the performance he was loudly called for, and cries of "Talma! Talma!" saluted him, amid every sound of applause and approbation.

Below is a copy of the bill, and a critique from a New Orleans paper of that day: —

THÉATRE D'ORLÉANS.

MR. BOOTH!

Aujourd'hui Mardi, 19 Février, 1828.

Une représentatione de

ANDROMAQUE,

Tragédie en 5 actes et en vers de Racine dans laquelle Mr. Booth, jouera, le rôle d'Oresté.

DISTRIBUTION:

Oresté, fils d'Agamemnon,	Mr. Booth.
Pyrrhus, fils d'Achille, roi d'Epire,	MM. Leblanc.
Pylade, ami d'Oreste,	Tabary.
Phœnix, gouverneur de Pyrrhus,	Rochefort.
Andromaque, Vve d'Hector,	Mdes. Cholet.
Hermione,	Clozel.
Cléone, confidente d'Andromaque,	Placide.
Cephise, confidente d'Hermione,	Bolzé.
Gardes,	Act. and Figurans.

"L'administration ayant pensé que les talens de Mr. Booth célébre tragédien Anglais, seraient agréables au public, dont elle s'empressera toujours de prévenir les desirs, a engagé cet artiste à jouer, avant son départ de cette ville, le role d'Oresté dans la belle tragédie d'Andromaque de Racine. Mme. Cholet a bien voulu se charger du rôle difficile d'Andromaque pour ne pas faire manquer cette représentation."

Le spectacle sera terminé par

La seconde de representation du

CHARLATANISME.

Vaudeville en un acte de Scribe.

" A spectacle of deep interest, one as novel as it was pleasing, was offered last Tuesday night in the Orleans Theatre, to the lovers of dramatic talents. Yielding to the solicitations of several gentlemen of this city, Mr. Booth consented to present himself before a French audience in the part of ' Orestes.' This effort, perilous in the extreme, and which nothing but a wish to give to Frenchmen an opportunity of judging fairly, of what is termed the *English style of tragic acting*, could have urged Mr. Booth to risk, has been crowned with the most flattering success. The ever-increasing interest excited by the warmth of his feelings, the earnestness of his manner, and the impetuous ardor of his delivery, and above all whenever passion rose high, when the furies goaded ' Orestes ' to crimes, criticism was merged in admiration, and with one voice all wondered that a stranger should thus feel and express all the beauties of Racine."

Mr. Davis offered my father $300 per night for a period of twelve nights ; but prior engagements would not allow him to remain for so long a term. An arrangement was however effected for a repetition of " Orestes," on Thursday, 21st. The announcement is taken from the " New Orleans Courier " of that date : —

"Mr. Booth, highly gratified for the manner in which he was received by the audience of the Orleans Theatre, has

yielded to the request of the administration, that he would again play the part of 'Orestes' before his departure, in order to afford those who could not procure boxes for the first representation an opportunity of witnessing his performance.

Mr. Booth's Second Appearance.
ANDROMACHE;
To be followed by
THE WATER PORTER'S FAMILY,
by Scribe."

My father then proceeded to Natchez and Nashville, and afterward passed a week with Gen. Jackson at the Hermitage, where the time was pleasantly spent in congenial society, varied with readings from Shakspeare and the poets. He then proceeded to Cincinnati where he played a very lucrative engagement.

X.

"A stage where every man must play a part."

IN 1831 he engaged to perform at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, under the management of Mr. Dana, who was evidently unaccustomed to theatrical business as the careless arrangement of his affairs will show. He frequently engaged stars to perform a similar character on the same evening; and in this manner my father and Mr. Hamblin both arrived according to their separate agreements, each claiming the house. My father, being the more attractive star, was selected to perform the stated number of nights, and Mr. Hamblin received a hundred dollars per night, remaining in town the specified period of his engagement.

In speaking of the beautiful reading of Mr. Booth, the author of "The Actor" (to whom I am

indebted for much reliable information), gives the following: —

"We will here record an incident related to the writer by the late Mr. Simmons, whose lectures on elocution and dramatic poetry are well remembered by the public. After witnessing one of Mr. Booth's splendid efforts in Boston, he introduced himself to Mr. Booth, and acknowledged the pleasure he had derived from listening to his beautiful readings, and requested that they might read together.

"Accordingly a chapter was selected from the Bible, 'and *never,*' said the gifted lecturer, '*was I before so struck with the eloquence, beauty, and power of the passages read by the great actor. His fine features glowed with the fire of genius as he poured out his rich, melodious tones, apparently completely absorbed by the subject. Late as it was, I could have sat the night through listening to eloquence till then unheard, and of which before I had no conception.*'"

Such praise as this from a mind like that of the late elegant and classical gentleman, whose fine talents were generally acknowledged, and whose untimely death was most sincerely deplored, is worth a thousand of the stereotyped puffs which encumber a portion of the daily press. It was a just tribute to genius from a mind of superior excellence.

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Returning to Baltimore, my father met with his old friend, Thomas Flynn, who had recently arrived in America. Mr. Flynn had arranged to take the Annapolis Theatre, then in course of erection, and proposed to him to play an engagement there, offering a clear third of each night's receipts. My father proceeded to Annapolis, in a *wood sloop*, instead of taking the usual mode of conveyance, and consequently arrived a week after the time announced. His engagement was very profitable, and the theatre was nightly filled by the most fashionable people of the place.

In the month of September, 1831, he accepted an offer from Mr. Simpson to play two nights with Mr. Forrest, at the Park Theatre, New York. On the first occasion, Booth enacted "Pierre," in "Venice Preserved," and Forrest "Jaffier." The second night "Othello" was produced; Forrest as "Othello," Booth as "Iago." On both occasions the theatre was crowded to overflowing. He frequently expressed great admiration of Mr. Forrest's rendition of "Othello."

About this time my father had leased the Adelphi Theatre, Baltimore, and Mr. Flynn, as his acting manager, designed opening it early in Septem-

ber; but, as the building had been undergoing great reparation, and was still incomplete, my father rented the Holliday Street Theatre until his own was finished. The principal members of his company were Messrs. Booth, Flynn, Cooper, Duff, Warren, Roberts, and Finn, Mrs. Duff and Mrs. Flynn.

During the season, Charles Kean made his début before a Baltimore audience as "Richard the Third." Hamlet was produced with the following powerful cast, my father accepting the part of second actor: —

Hamlet,	Mr. C. Kean.
Ghost,	Mr. Duff.
Polonius,	Mr. Warren.
Laertes,	Mr. Archer.
King,	Mr. Isherwood.
Horatio,	Mr. Hazard.
Osric,	Mr. J. Sefton.
First Grave Digger,	Mr. Flynn.
Second Grave Digger,	Mr. Mercer.
First Actor,	Mr. McKinney.
Second Actor,	Mr. Booth.
Ophelia,	Mrs. Flynn.
Queen,	Mrs. Duff.

"Booth gave the actor's speech with great effect. The audience rose *en masse* and cheered him to the echo, as much for the beauty of its delivery as the modesty which induced him to select a subordinate character, thus bringing

into effect the entire strength of his company, and extending every advantage to the distinguished stranger."

During the season, which was a very prosperous one, he played several new characters, among which were "Roderick Dhu," "Selim," "Richard the Second," "Penruddock," "Falkland," in the "Rivals," "Hotspur" and "Luke," in "Riches." His "Luke" and other characters are thus criticised: —

"His representation of 'Luke' is original and beautiful. The assumption of the lowly penitent after a course of extravagance and folly is among the most life-like scenes ever portrayed by this master of the passions. Who that has witnessed his representation can ever forget his hypocritical plea for mercy when discovered in his treachery, and his sudden, tiger-like spring, after finding it disregarded, and the bold transition from the fawning suppliant to the daring ruffian, defying, even in defeat, his injured brother? His representation of this character alone would stamp him superior to any actor on the stage. His 'Reuben Glenroy' is also much admired for its chaste and beautiful performance. In tender passages, the mournful and touching cadences of his voice appeal directly to the heart; and in the representation of sterner passages, his acting approximates to the sublime.

"As 'Richard the Third,' 'Pescara,' 'Sir Giles Overreach,' 'Sir Edward Mortimer,' 'Shylock,' and 'Iago,' he is without an equal."

"His fifth act of 'Iago' was a most exquisite portrayal of character; although 'Othello' in this scene usually engrosses the attention of the audience, and 'Iago' has but few lines to utter, yet with Junius Brutus Booth as the crafty villain, cowed, entrapped, with all his evil passions glowering in his face, we have seen his auditors fascinated as it were with horror, oblivious of all other characters on the stage, and seizing the first pause in the action of the scene to vent their feelings in rapturous applause. The secret workings of 'Iago's' mind flashed in those powerful eyes, the face reddened with suppressed rage, then turned livid with hate, and the bitter intensity with which he expressed the lines, —

> 'Demand me nothing;
> What you know, you know:
> From this time forth I never will speak word,'

was marvellous.

"During the remainder of the scene his countenance revealed what the tongue disdained to speak, and retained its magnetic influence upon the beholders until his final exit."*

"Mr. Booth commands admiration, and, without resorting to the usual method of securing approbation and applause, — by the aid of splendid dresses and stage tricks, — has won an imperishable fame. Like the wand of Midas, that converted everything it touched into gold, so, in the crucible of Booth's

* The first play my father ever witnessed was "Othello," at Covent Garden Theatre, in 1812. During the performance, he asked a person who sat next him if "Iago would not be hanged in the last act."

genius, every character that he attempts comes forth redolent of excellence."

John Howard Payne thus criticises my father's performance of "Sir Edward Mortimer," in the play of the "Iron Chest:" —

"We must own we have never seen either that character, or Booth in his palmiest days, with more unmixed delight. The perturbations of a spirit generous and grand by nature, and idolizing popularity, but racked with a heavy and agonizing and damning secret, and jealously and unslumberingly on the alert for symptoms of its being suspected, were pictured with the genius and the power of a master So was the whirlwind of despair at the withering secret's final detection. There was variety and truth in the artist's enunciation and attitudes and countenance, and these qualities were carried even to the expression of the hands, which, could they have been disjoined from that of the rest of his person, at any one point of the passion, would, at a glance, have disclosed, to an instructed eye, the Hercules in his art. This manual eloquence (if we may venture such a phrase) escapes imitation, even in painting and sculpture, by mediocrity, but, if ever studied, as equally precious and difficult by those who know how to excel. Last evening, Mr. Booth displayed it with surpassing skill.

A singular anecdote, indirectly connected with this play, was told by the celebrated Godwin.

Observed Lord Byron to the veteran, "Give the world another 'Caleb Williams'" (the novel of Godwin's on which the "Iron Chest" was founded). "My lord, I suffered as severely in imagining 'Caleb Williams,' as any character whose agonies I have described. Another work like that would kill me." "No matter, — write it," replied Byron.

XI.

"I would not enter on my list of friends
The man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

IN January, 1832, my father opened at the Chestnut-Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in "Sertorius," a new play, written by the eminent lawyer, David Paul Brown. This performance is spoken of as being exquisitely beautiful, and the tragedy one of great interest and sublimity. At the termination of this engagement, he visited, professionally, New Orleans, Mobile, Louisville, and Cincinnati. In 1833, the following letter was addressed to my grandfather. His letters generally present a curious combination of theology, metaphysics, hygiene, and farming:—

FRIDAY EVE.

DEAR FATHER,—The weather was so bad, that the managers closed the house, on Wednesday evening. I had to

play on Thursday, in lieu of it, and again to-night. As Joe will want "Fanny" to finish the ploughing, I send her home. Let the gentleman who bears this have "Peacock" to ride back to Baltimore. Let Joe sow the timothy in the meadow. Tell Junius not to go opossum hunting, or setting rabbit-traps, but to let the poor devils live. Cruelty is the offspring of idleness of mind and beastly ignorance, and, in children, should be repressed, and not encouraged, as is too often the case, by unthinking beings who surround them. A thief, who takes property from another, has it in his power, should he repent, to make a restoration; but the robber of life never can give back what he has wantonly and sacrilegiously taken from beings perhaps innocent, and equally capable of enjoying pleasure or suffering torture with himself. The ideas of Pythagoras I have adopted; and as respects our accountability to animals hereafter, nothing that man can preach can make me believe to the contrary. "Every death its own avenger breeds." Enough of this. I think there is some parsnip-seed hanging in a paper, by the looking-glass, in the parlor. Let Joe sow some, on manure, in small trenches, in the garden, — say three or four rows.

Read the wondrous tale of "Alroy," by D'Israeli. He was, in the twelfth century, the Jewish Messiah, and, but for a woman, — the daughter of a robber's daughter, — would have given *us*, perhaps, another religion, — as all were obliged, by the theocracy, who were his ministers and supporters, to embrace the Hebrew faith, or die. Junius is a good boy, and will make a scholar of no mean capacity. I hope you enjoy health, and take my theory, founded on pos-

itive experience, as respects going to sleep. Rise early, walk, or use some exercise in the open air, and, when going to bed, drink a *warm* liquid, — either weak grog, gruel, or even water; drink nearly or quite a pint at one draught. Lie down directly, and in fifteen minutes you will sink into a comfortable lethargy. Coffee and tea, however, must be avoided, as they prevent sleep. A slice of bread-and-butter and an onion or lettuce for supper, prior to this potation, is good, — much opium, and of a harmless quantity, being contained in the latter vegetable.

God bless you. I hope soon to see you again.

Your affectionate son,

J. B. Booth.

My father entered into an engagement with Mr. Hamblin, to play three nights a week for the period of a year. The Richmond Theatre was taken for this purpose, and a part of the company proceeded in a stage-coach to Baltimore. On the road to Bel Air, the stage broke down, and the party, including Miss Vincent, Hamblin, Flynn, Phillips, and others, were compelled to remain over night at "the Farm." They walked a long distance to the cottage, and evidently disturbed the monotony of forest life, for the servants, who have grown gray at the farm, were wont to tell us of the

merry actors who many years ago made such an unceremonious visit.

Many extravagant stories are told of my father's "farmer life," and of his vending his produce in distant markets, but which of course are mere exaggerations; he was always, even in late years, frugal and industrious, practising manual labor, exercises, etc, and particularly fond of farming on a miniature scale; but at the farm, although things indigenous to the soil grew there in wild profusion, the crops, which were put into the ground with labor and ability, yielded remarkably small harvests. In order to supply laborers and cattle, and afford a sufficiency "to haul twenty-five miles to market," the produce must necessarily have been exceedingly abundant; and this slight practical view of the case will show the inconsistency of many idle rumors connected with this subject. My father experienced far more pleasure in roving through these dense forests, and contemplating nature in her rough, wild state, than by clearing his ground and turning the broad acres to profitable account, after the manner of thrifty farmers.

But to return from this digression; the stillness

of the woods had become oppressive to the jovial guests, while to the master of these solitudes the faintest sound of insect, breeze, or brook was full of a joyous mystery, and he manifested his surprise when questioned by one of the party, — "Booth, how can you exist in such a wilderness?"

On the following afternoon the company proceeded to Baltimore, and, arriving in Richmond, opened to a crowded house. My father became the occasion of a newspaper controversy, arising from his refusal to answer the call of the audience at the fall of the curtain. On the fourth night of his engagement, he received intelligence of the dangerous illness of one of his children, and abruptly left the city, without assigning the reason for his departure. The child lived only a short time after his arrival, and was buried in the little graveyard on the farm. My father then proceeded to Baltimore with the intention of completing his engagement in Richmond, but was there informed that the theatre was closed, and Mr. Hamblin gone to New York. Being detained in Baltimore for several days by the snow, a letter arrived from Bel Air, requesting

his immediate return home to the sick-bed of another of his children. He arrived only in time to witness her death.

This sad affliction preyed so heavily on the mind of my father that he determined never to appear upon the stage again. A serious illness followed this bereavement, from which he recovered slowly; and, in the mean time, Mr. Hamblin had brought a suit against him for breaking his engagement.

XII.

"A good old man, sir, — he will be talking."

RICHARD BOOTH, my grandfather, being a barrister, prevailed upon his son to allow him to go to Philadelphia and undertake the defence of the suit. My father entrusted him with important information regarding Hamblin, and requested him to proceed at once to Mr. Wemyss and acquaint him with the full particulars of the case. Aged and infirm as the old gentleman was, he set out upon this tedious journey with alacrity, taking for protector and *valet de chambre*, our faithful black man, Joe, who, although a slave for life to a neighbor of my father's, passed from "youth to hoary age" at the farm.

Such entire confidence was placed in the honesty of this servant that his master, Dr. Bond, readily consented he should accompany

grandfather, — well knowing that, if he chose, the man could assert his freedom as soon as he touched the soil of Pennsylvania. It was his pride in after years to tell how he repaid his master's confidence by returning home; and I may add, that he died in our employ, a true-hearted, faithful, good old man, enjoying the love and respect of all who knew him.

After the wearisome journey by stage-coaches from Bel Air to Philadelphia, grandfather and Joe proceeded to a hotel; the contrast they presented was strikingly unique.

My grandfather with his tall, slender figure, arrayed in knee-breeches, shoe-buckles, and with snow-white hair wrapt in a queue, was closely followed and watched by this swarthy giant of the woods (who boasted his lineal descent from a Madagascan prince), and his immense stature and jet black face, no less than his vigilance, occasioned much remark.

Mr. Hamblin met my grandfather at the hotel, and, recognizing him immediately, introduced himself as "a member of the theatrical profession;" upon which the old gentleman, delighted to find a companion in a strange city, and one belonging to

his son's profession, inquired, "if he was acquainted with a rascally manager named Hamblin?" Mr. H. replied, "that he knew him very well indeed." My grandfather then told him that this Hamblin was a great scoundrel, and had brought a suit against his son Brutus, who was overwhelmed with illness and domestic afflictions; and, with the garrulity of age, he related that he was bearing important messages to Mr. Wemyss, which gentleman, he asserted, would "settle Hamblin's infamous suit at once."

Mr. Hamblin, greatly amused, coincided with all the abuse the old gentleman lavished upon the manager. Grandfather was not aware of his mistake until he had an interview with Mr. Wemyss, and, after imparting to that gentleman the requisite information, he alluded to a very pleasant person whom he encountered at the hotel, who was also a member of the theatrical profession, and to whom he had confided the nature of his business, etc. Mr. Wemyss anxiously inquired the name of this "very pleasant person;" but grandfather, unable to acquaint him with it, entered into a minute description of his appearance, manner, etc., and, to his utter chagrin and the merriment of Mr.

Wemyss, they discovered that the unknown friend was the "rascally Hamblin" himself. The case was finally adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties, and Mr. Hamblin forebore using such information to the disadvantage of the defendant.

The engagement was renewed with Mr. Hamblin for the Bowery Theatre, New York, my father consenting to perform three nights a week during the period of three months. This theatre at that time was in its palmy days under Mr. Hamblin's management, and was conducted in a manner superior to the Park. My father opened with "Richard the Third," to a house yielding $1300. He engaged to play on the intervening nights at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, under the direction of Mr. Duffy.

This engagement continued for the space of one month, my father playing alternately in the two cities and travelling the intermediate distance in stage-coaches. The last night of this engagement in Philadelphia, he acted "Oroonoko;" and as he was hurrying through the performance, he fancied some dissatisfaction was expressed by the audience. He arose, after *killing himself*, and walking to the footlights, exclaimed, "I'll sell you as General

Jackson did: I'll *veto* you." At this period the celebrated veto messages of General Jackson were creating great excitement in political circles.

About this time my father purchased two Egyptian mummies, with a view of presenting them to General Jackson. They were to be sent to the Hermitage; but, finding that they were such rare specimens, it was suggested that they should be reserved for the Museum in Washington, for which Mr. Varden was then collecting curiosities. The mummies were priests of the god "Apis;" and, on examination, the papyrus manuscripts, although in excellent and legible order, proved to be of such antiquity that it was impossible for the literati of that day to translate their meaning.

Languages, like nations and religions, take their turns and seem to prove the mutability of nature. Mr. Varden's design being ineffectual, the mummies were subsequently deposited in the Patent Office, Washington, and removed thence to the Smithsonian Institute.

My father's professional visits during the next two years were mostly confined to New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. When not engaged professionally, his time was devoted to the farm, occu-

pied with what he termed "the noblest employment of man," tilling the ground. His field labor was pleasantly varied with literary pursuits; and his library, although select, was by no means extensive. A few rustic shelves contained his books, which consisted of the Bible, Shakspeare, Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, and Keats, Greek and Latin authors, Alfieri, and old French volumes.

Mr. Flynn, having obtained from my father a promise to perform for his benefit, sought him in his retirement to remind him that the time of "announcement" was rapidly approaching. Crossing a field he observed a person at a short distance digging potatoes, and called out to him, "Hollo, boy! where's Mr. Booth?" My father looked up from his work, and replied, "Here, at your service."

Mr. Flynn reminded him of the benefit, and the potato-patch was reluctantly left for the servants to finish.

In due time the two friends were on the road to New York, where my father appeared as "Richard the Third," in fulfilment of this promise. At an early hour the house was densely crowded, a portion of the stage being occupied by the anxious throng: —

"Up went the curtain, and on came 'the crook'd-backed tyrant,' his hands and face reddened by exposure to the sun, and health and vigor apparent in every movement. He never appeared to better advantage, there was a firmness and dignity in his tread, a brilliancy in his eye, and a manliness in the tones of his voice worthy of his palmiest days. In 'Richard,' Booth's small person seemed to expand, and the genius of the man betrayed itself in every look and gesture. With reckless indifference he makes his way to the blood-cemented crown, crushing obstacles and commanding circumstances, until the mind of the spectator almost imagines he is aided by some supernal power in the career of his wild and romantic ambition. In the tent scene, he rushes from his couch, his face of the ashy hue of death, his limbs trembling, his eyes rolling and gleaming with an unearthly glare, and his whole face convulsed with intense excitement. It was the very acme of acting, if such it can be called, and the death-like silence of the audience was a higher compliment to the actor than the long and thundering plaudits that followed the performance."

XIII.

"*Clown.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?
Malvolio. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird."

MR. BOOTH proceeded from New York to New Orleans, thence to Mobile, and afterward through the Western cities. During this tour a calamity, which seemed to increase in strength and frequency with maturer years, assumed a singular phase. In these records of his youth, when his profession held every incentive to ambition, energy, and indefatigable labor, —when his habits were most temperate and abstemious, — we occasionally trace those slight aberrations of mind which mark that exquisite turning-point between genius and madness. To those accustomed to the intense excitability of peculiar minds, who witness

how the brain of the actor is wrought upon by the assumption of harrowing, though fictitious scenes, and who feel how frequently that delineator of the passions thinks, dreams, exists in a sphere of idealty, it is neither strange nor difficult to comprehend how such minds are overthrown by the reaction, and oftentimes ruined utterly.

> "Like sweet bells jangled
> Out of tune, and harsh."

Thus from childhood we learned of our mother, the devoted and unwearying nurse of him who endured these periodical tortures of mind, to regard these seasons of abstraction with sad and reverent forbearance.

I subjoin the following erratic adventure, which is minutely described in the "Atlantic Monthly" of September, 1861: —

"MY ODD ADVENTURE WITH JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH.

"More than twenty years ago, being pastor of a church in one of our Western cities, I was sitting, one evening, meditating over my coal fire, which was cheerfully blazing up and gloomily subsiding again, in the way that Western coal fires in Western coal grates were then very much in the habit of doing. I was a young and inexperienced minister. I had come to the West, fresh from a New England divinity-school,

with magnificent ideas of the vast work which was to be done, and with rather a vague notion of the way in which I was to do it. But to my story,—a knock came at the door; on opening it a negro boy with grinning face presented himself, holding a note. It was as follows:

'UNITED STATES HOTEL, Jan. 4th, 1834.

'SIR,—I hope you will excuse the liberty of a stranger addressing you on a subject he feels great interest in. It is to require a place of interment for his friend [s] in the church-yard, and also the expense attendant on the purchase of such place of temporary repose.

'Your communication on this matter will greatly oblige,

'Sir, your respectful and obedient servant,

'J. B. BOOTH.'

"It will be observed that after the word '*friend*,' an [s] follows in brackets. In the original, the word was followed by a small mark which might or might not give it the plural form. It could be read either *friend* or *friends;* but as we do not usually find ourselves called upon to bury more than one friend at a time, the hasty reader would not notice the mark, but would read it *friend*. So did I, and only afterward, in consequence of the dénouement, did I notice that it might be read in the other way. Taking my hat, I stepped into the street. First I went to my neighbor, the mayor of the city, in pursuit of the desired information.

"Finding no one at home, and so not being able to learn about the price of lots in the church-yard, I walked on to the

hotel, and asked to see Mr. J. B. Booth. I was shown into a private parlor, where he and another gentleman were sitting by a table. On the table were candles, a decanter of wine, and glasses, a plate of bread, cigars, and a book. Mr. Booth rose when I announced myself, and I at once recognized the distinguished actor. I had met him once before, and travelled with him for part of a day. He was a short man, but one of those who seem tall when they choose to do so. He had a clear blue eye and fair complexion. In repose there was nothing to attract attention to him; but when excited, his expression was so animated, his eye was so brilliant, and his figure so full of life, that he became another man.

"Having told him that I had not been successful in procuring the information he desired, but would bring it to him on the following morning, he thanked me, and asked me to sit down. It passed through my mind, that, as he had lost a friend and was a stranger in the place, I might be of use to him. Perhaps he needed consolation, and it was my office to sympathize with the bereaved. So I sat down. But it did not appear that he was disposed to seek for such comfort, or engage in such discourse. Once or twice I endeavored, but without success, to turn the conversation to his presumed loss. I asked him if the death of his friend was sudden.

"'Very,' he replied.

"'Was he a relative?'

"'Distant,' said he, and changed the subject.

"It is twenty-seven years since these events took place,

and I do not pretend to give the conversation very accurately, but what occurred was very much like this. It was a dialogue between Booth and myself, the third party saying not a word during the evening. Mr. Booth first asked me to take a glass of wine, or a cigar, both of which I declined.

"'Well,' said he, 'let me try to entertain you in another way. When you came I was reading aloud to my friend. Perhaps you would like to hear me read?'

"'I certainly should,' said I.

"'What shall I read?'

"'Whatever you like best. What you like to read, I shall like to hear.'

"'Then suppose I attempt Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner.' Have you time for it? It is long.'

"'Yes, I should like it much.'

"So he read aloud the whole of this magnificent poem. I have listened to Macready, to Edmund Kean, to Rachel, to Jenny Lind, to Fanny Kemble, to Webster, Clay, Everett, Harrison Gray Otis,—to Dr. Channing, Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, Father Taylor, Ralph Waldo Emerson, —to Victor Hugo, Coquerel, Lacordaire; but none of them affected me as I was affected by this reading. I forgot the place where I was, the motive of my coming, the reader himself. I knew the poem almost by heart, yet I seemed never to have heard it before. I was by the side of the doomed mariner. I was the wedding-guest, listening to his story, held by his glittering eye. I was with him in the storm, among the ice, beneath the hot and copper sky. Booth became so absorbed in his reading, so identified with the poem,

that his tone and manner were saturated with a feeling of reality. He actually thought himself the mariner, — so I am persuaded, — while he was reading. As the poem proceeded, and we plunged deeper and deeper into its mystic horrors, the actual world receded into a dim, indefinable distance. The magnetism of this marvellous interpreter had caught up himself, and me with him, into dreamland, from which we gently descended at the end of Part VI., and 'the spell was snapt.'

> 'And now, all in my own countree,
> I stood on the firm land,' —

returned from a voyage into the inane. Again I found myself sitting in the little hotel parlor, by the side of a man with glittering eye, with a third somebody on the other side of the table.

"I drew a long breath.

"Booth turned over the leaves of the volume. It was the collected Works of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats.

"'Did you ever read,' said he, 'Shelley's argument against the use of animal food, at the end of "Queen Mab"?'

"'Yes, I have read it.'

"'And what do you think of the argument?'

"'Ingenious, but not satisfactory.'

"'To me it *is* satisfactory. I have long been convinced that it is wrong to take the life of an animal for our pleasure. I eat no animal food. There is my supper,' — pointing to a plate of bread. 'And, indeed,' continued he, 'I think the Bible favors this view. Have you a Bible with you?'

"I had not.

"Booth thereupon rang the bell, and when the boy presented himself, called for a Bible. *Garçon* disappeared, and came back soon with a Bible on a waiter.

"Our tragedian took the book, and proceeded to argue his point by means of texts selected skilfully here and there, from Genesis to Revelation. He referred to the fact that it was not till after the Deluge men were allowed, 'for the hardness of their hearts,' as he maintained, to eat meat. But in the beginning it was not so; only herbs were given to man, at first, for food. He quoted the Psalmist (Psalm civ. 14) to show that man's food came from the earth, and was the green herb; and contended that the reason why Daniel and his friends were fairer and fatter than the children who ate their portion of meat was, that they ate only pulse (Daniel i. 12—15). These are all of his scriptural arguments which I now recall; but I thought them very ingenious at the time.

"The argument took some time. Then he recited one or two pieces bearing on the same subject, closing with Byron's Lines to his Newfoundland Dog.

"'In connection with that poem,' he continued, 'a singular event once happened to me. I was acting in Petersburg, Virginia. My theatrical engagement was just concluded, and I dined with a party of friends one afternoon before going away. We sat after dinner, singing songs, reciting poetry, and relating anecdotes. At last I recited those lines of Byron on his dog. I was sitting by the fireplace, my feet resting against the jamb, and a single candle was burning on

the mantel. It had become dark. Just as I came to the end of the poem, —

> "To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
> I never knew but one, and here he lies," —

my foot slipped down the jamb, and struck a *dog*, who was lying beneath. The dog sprang up, howled, and ran out of the room, and at the same moment the candle went out. I asked whose dog it was. No one knew. No one had seen the dog till that moment. Perhaps you will smile at me, sir, and think me superstitious, — but I could not but think that the animal was brought there by *occult sympathy.*'

"Having uttered these oracular words in a very solemn tone, Booth rose, and, taking one of the candles, said to me, 'Would you like to look at the remains?'

"I assented. Asking our silent friend to excuse us, he led me into an adjoining chamber. I looked toward a bed in the corner of the room, expecting to see a corpse. There was none there. But Booth went to another corner of the room, where, spread out upon a large sheet, I saw — what do you suppose, dear reader?

"*About a bushel of wild pigeons!*

"Booth knelt down by the side of the birds, and with every evidence of sincere affliction began to mourn over them. He took them up in his hands tenderly, and pressed them to his heart. For a few moments he seemed to forget my presence. For this I was glad, for it gave me a little time to recover from my astonishment, and to consider rapidly what it might mean. As I look back now, and think of

the oddity of the situation, I rather wonder at my own self-possession. It was a sufficiently trying position. At first I thought it was a hoax, an intentional piece of practical fun, of which I was to be the object. But even in the moment allowed me to think, I decided that this could not be. For I recalled the long and elaborate Bible argument against taking the life of animals, which could hardly have been got up for the occasion. I considered also that as a joke it would be too poor in itself, and too unworthy a man like Booth. So I decided that it was a sincere conviction — an idea, exaggerated perhaps to the borders of monomania — of the sacredness of all life. And I determined to treat the conviction with respect, as all sincere and religious convictions deserve to be treated.

"I also saw the motive for this particular course of action. During the week immense quantities of the wild pigeon (passenger pigeon, *Columba migratoria*) had been flying over the city, in their way to and from a *roost* in the neighborhood. These birds had been slaughtered by myriads, and were for sale by the bushel at the corners of every street in the city. Although all the birds which could be killed by man made the smallest impression on the vast multitude contained in one of these flocks, — computed by Wilson to consist of more than twenty-two hundred millions, — yet to Booth the destruction seemed wasteful, wanton, and from his point of view was a wilful and barbarous murder.

"Such a sentiment was perhaps an exaggeration; still I could not but feel a certain sympathy with its humanity. It was an error in a good direction. If an insanity, it was bet-

ter than the cold, heartless sanity of most men. By the time, therefore, that Booth was ready to speak, I was prepared to answer.

"'You see,' said he, 'these innocent victims of man's barbarity. I wish to testify in some public way against this wanton destruction of life. And I wish you to help me. Will you?'

"'Hardly,' I replied. 'I expected something very different from this when I received your note. I did not come to see you, expecting to be called to assist at the funeral solemnities of birds.'

"'Nor did I send for you,' he answered. 'I merely wrote to ask about the lot in the grave-yard. But now you are here, why not help me? Do you fear the laugh of man?'

"'No,' I returned. 'If I agreed with you in regard to this subject, I might, perhaps, have the courage to act out my convictions. But I do not look at it as you do. There is no reason, then, why I should have anything to do with it. I respect your convictions, but do not share them.'

"'That is fair,' he said. 'I cannot ask anything more. I am obliged to you for coming to see me. My intention was to purchase a place in the burial-ground, and have them put into a coffin and carried in a hearse. I might do it without any one's knowing that it was not a human body. Would you assist me, then?'

"'But if no one *knew* it,' I said, 'how would it be a public testimony against the destruction of life?'

"'True, it would not. Well, I will consider what to do. Perhaps I may wish to bury them privately in some garden.'

"'In that case,' said I, 'I will find you a place in the grounds of some of my friends.'

"He thanked me, and I took my leave, — exceedingly astonished and amused by the incident, but also interested in the earnestness of conviction of the man.

"I heard, in a day or two, that he had actually purchased a lot in the cemetery, two or three miles below the city; that he had had a coffin made, hired a hearse and carriage, and had gone through all the solemnity of a regular funeral. For several days he continued to visit the grave of his little friends, and mourned over them with a grief which did not seem at all theatrical.

"Meantime he acted every night at the theatre, and my friends told me that his acting was of unsurpassed excellence. A vein of insanity began, however, to mingle in his conduct. His fellow-actors were afraid of him. He looked terribly in earnest on the stage; and when he went behind the scenes, he spoke to no one, but sat still, looking sternly at the ground. During the day he walked about town, giving apples to the horses, and talked to the drivers, urging them to treat their animals with kindness.

"An incident happened, one day, which illustrated still further his sympathy for the humbler races of animals. One of the sudden freshets which come to the Ohio, caused commonly by heavy rains melting the snow in the valleys of its tributary streams, had raised the river to an unusual height. The yellow torrent rushed along its channel, bearing on its surface logs, boards, and the *débris* of fences, shanties, and lumber-yards. A steamboat, forced by the rapid current

against the stone landing, had been stove, and lay a wreck on the bottom, with the water rising rapidly around it. A horse had been left, fastened on the boat, and it looked as if he would be drowned. Booth was on the landing, and he took from his pocket twenty dollars, and offered it to any one who would get to the boat and cut the halter, so that the horse might swim ashore. Some one was found to do it, and the horse's life was saved.

"So this golden thread of human sympathy with all creatures whom God had made ran through the darkening moods of his genius. He had well laid to heart the fine moral of his favorite poem, — that

> 'He prayeth well, who loveth well
> Both man and bird and beast.
>
> 'He prayeth best, who loveth best
> All things, both great and small;
> For the dear God, who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all.'

"In a week or less the tendency to derangement in Booth became more developed. One night, when he was to act, he did not appear; nor could he be found at his lodgings. He did not come home that night. Next morning he was found in the woods, several miles from the city, wandering through the snow. He was taken care of. His derangement proved to be temporary, and his reason returned in a few days. He soon left the city. But before he went away he sent to me the following note, which I copy from the original faded paper, now lying before me: —

'——— THEATRE, Jan. 13, 1834.

'MY DEAR SIR, — Allow me to return you my grateful acknowledgments for your prompt and benevolent attention to my request last Wednesday night. Although I am convinced *your* ideas and *mine* thoroughly coincide as to the *real* cause of man's bitter degradation, yet I fear human means to redeem him are now fruitless. The fire must burn, and Prometheus endure his agony. The pestilence of Asia must come again, ere the savage will be taught humanity. May *you* escape! God bless you, sir!

'J. B. BOOTH.'

" Certainly I may call this an 'odd adventure' for a young minister, less than six months in his profession. But it left in my mind a very pleasant impression of this great tragedian. It may be asked why he came to me, the youngest and newest clergyman in the place. The reason he gave me himself, I was a Unitarian. He said he had more sympathy with me on that account, as he was of Jewish descent, and a Monotheist.

XIV.

"Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field.

MY father commenced an engagement in New York, on 29th of August, 1836, at the National Theatre, situated on the corner of Leonard and Church Streets, under the management of Mr. Flynn. The first night he performed "Shylock," when the receipts were sixteen hundred dollars, and he played eight nights to houses almost equally crowded. The intellect and fashion of the city nightly filled the theatre. He visited Philadelphia and Baltimore, and in October, sailed with his family for Europe. A few extracts from memoranda made on this voyage may not be uninteresting: —

"We left Philadelphia, Oct. 20th, 1836, in ship 'Susquehanna,' Captain Cropper. Towed down by steam to

Capes Henlopen and May, with a vessel bound to Laguira. Off the Capes, spoke ship 'John Causland,' from Batavia; about midnight, discharged the pilot. Next day, a large owl lighted on the spanker-boom. In the Gulf, *Les Ames damnées* or Mother Cary's Chickens, following our wake, and the gulf-weed thick about our quarter. A man died on Sunday morning in a fit of delirium tremens, and after breakfast, all hands went on deck to see the ceremony of burial, which was brief in preparation and performance. Wednesday, caught a bird of the swallow genus, by its bill and claws. Fed it on soaked biscuit and corn-meal mush. Thursday becalmed. Friday, a strong breeze in the fore part of the day sent us at eleven miles an hour; toward night we only measured eight. We have now crossed the southernmost edge of the Grand Bank of Newfoundland. We are on deep soundings. Have left St. John's to the west of us. Rainy and cold; thermometer 45° Fahrenheit. Caught a small red bird. We are now ten days out; have come about half way. Wednesday, about 10 A. M., saw a bark whose sails and boats had been removed; no signs of a human being about her; could read on her stern 'Louisa of Plymouth.' Our captain would not board her,—said she was water-logged. Saturday, Guy Fawkes' Day. Wind still ahead; all looks gloomy. Eating and drinking and occasionally reading, with a game of draughts or chess to while away the monotonous hours. Read 'Memoirs of Crockett,' by himself. Saw him in Washington in 1834, introduced to him by Gov. Houston. Both singular geniuses. One is dead, the other now the President of Alano, Texas. Crockett was in Congress, in

1834; not being re-elected, he adventured among the recruits for Texas, and fell at the assault of Alano, by the hands of Mexicans under Santa Anna. This ship keeps her steerage passengers forward, and the crew have a room in front of the mainmast, the length of which room to the stern being assigned for the twenty-dollar travellers. This plan keeps the steerage passengers from coming into altercation with the others by intervention of the crew. Just twenty-one days from Walnut-street wharf, Philadelphia. Land visible on our larboard side. Saw two vessels on horizon at 6 P. M.; were abreast of Waterford Lighthouse, bearing N. N. E.; fifteen miles off, passed Salters' and Tuskan revolving light. About ten, a heavy gale sprung up, accompanied by frequent lightning and rain. This was the only time, as yet, that there has been any appearance of danger, several seas shipping and washing right up to the wheel from the bows. Friday, saw an English ship to windward of us, and the coast Anglesea about noon. Weather foggy and wind ahead. At 2 P. M. fog disappeared and disclosed to our astonished eyes the Isle of Man, four miles ahead! We had overshot our port seventy or eighty miles; had to bout ship and return. Pilot came on board Saturday at daybreak. Read in paper of Forrest's success and rejoiced at it. Snow perceptible on hill-tops, towards Snowden. Landed in Liverpool about noon."

My father was engaged by Mr. Bunn to perform three nights at Drury Lane Theatre, at £25 per night. He opened in "Richard," played "Iago," on the second night, and on the third,

repeated "Richard the Third." He afterward played a brief engagement at the Surrey Theatre, going thence to Sadlers' Wells; and while performing in Birmingham, he received news of the death of his son, Henry Byron Booth, whom he had left with his family in London. The following letter was written about this time: —

PENTONVILLE, Jan. 28, 1837.

DEAR FATHER, — We have at last cause, and severe it is, to regret coming to England. I have delayed writing till time had somewhat softened the horror of the event. Our dear little Henry is dead! He caught the small pox, and it proved fatal; he has been buried about three weeks, in the Chapel ground, close by. Think what his loss has been to us, — so proud as I was of him above all others. The infernal disease has placed Hagar in the hospital. The children were inoculated and are getting well. I shall play a few nights more in London, and at Edinburgh before I return. Forrest wont play any more, — at least he says so now. Hamblin is here; so are Barrett of Boston, Ternan of Philadelphia, and Rice; the only one, it appears, who has really bettered his fortunes in London is *he*. *Jim Crow*, one would have thought, the Cockneys could not understand, but contrary to all calculation it is the mania amongst them. Hoping you are in health, and may long continue so, is the prayer of your affectionate son,

J. B. BOOTH.

After this melancholy loss, he started with his family for America on the ship "Ontario." On his arrival in New York, he acted at the Bowery Theatre on the night of the 4th of July, receiving two hundred dollars for the performance, which closed the season. In the fall of the year 1837, he fulfilled an engagement at the Olympic in New York, and on the third night he appeared as "Richard the Third," W. R. Blake enacting "Richmond," Mrs. Blake, "Queen Elizabeth," and Master Louis Blake, the "Duke of York." The theatre was brilliantly illuminated in commemoration of the evacuation of New York by the British.

My father was engaged to perform in New York at the Bowery on the 18th of February, and, arriving in the city, was astonished to find the building in ruins, having been destroyed by fire the Monday previous. A benefit was given at the Park for the aid of the sufferers by the conflagration, and he volunteered to act on the occasion. At the rise of the curtain, he was missing, and Mr. Flynn finally discovered him at a fire in William Street, laboring at an engine, in the endeavor, as he said, "to save people's property from destruction."

He subsequently visited the South on a professional tour, accompanied by Mr. Thomas Flynn. They embarked in the steamer Neptune. My father was observed to be very melancholy on the voyage and talked frequently of Conway, who, in a fit of depression, had committed suicide by jumping into the sea. When the vessel neared the place where the unfortunate actor perished, he came hurriedly on deck, saying he had a message for Conway, and leaped into the sea. A boat was immediately lowered, and with difficulty he was rescued from a watery grave. After he was safe in the boat, his first words, according to Mr. Flynn's report, were, "I say, Tom, look out, you're a heavy man, be steady, — if the boat upsets, we'll all be drowned."

It was during this Charleston trip that my father's nose was broken, spoiling the beauty of his countenance, and giving to his harmonious voice a nasal tone. The rumors of this melancholy accident are so numerous and contradictory, that we never could form a definite conclusion in regard to the occurrence.

Junius Booth, junior, having completed his education at St. Mary's College, Baltimore, com-

menced the study of surgery at his father's request; but, after pursuing it for a while, he abandoned it, and adopted the stage as his profession. He made his first appearance in the fall of 1839, as "Tressel" to his father's "Richard," at the Pittsburgh Theatre, under the management of Mr. Wemyss.

XV.

"Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side."

DURING the last ten years of his life, my father passed a considerable portion of his time in the midst of his family, occasionally making professional excursions, with a careless disregard of fame, which may be accounted for by the depressing consciousness of the accident which had marred his face and voice. It was, however, a marked peculiarity of his entire career that he would consent to perform at any theatre, regardless of its pretensions, and was equally unconcerned about the costliness or grandeur of his wardrobe, so long as it was correct in point of fashion and date. He played annually in Boston and New Orleans, in which places he was an established favorite, and, having removed his residence to Baltimore, made periodical visits

to the farm, during the oppressive heat of summer.

He indulged his philanthropic desires unrestrainedly, and the particulars of some charitable visit or donation would frequently be disclosed to the family by the recipient.

My earliest recollection of my father is seeing him upon his knees, before a rough sailor, who had asked alms at the door. The poor fellow had a bad wound on his leg, which was suffering from neglect, and my father brought him into the house and washed and bandaged the wound for him with the tenderest care.

These little deeds of kindness were almost daily occurrences. He thus sought to impress upon our minds these lessons of humanity to man and beast, more by his own acts than by precept. He delighted to seek out the destitute and unfortunate, and aid by his sympathy as well as his bounty.

It was on one of these errands of mercy that the horse thief, Fontaine, alias Lovett, was pointed out to him. Lovett was then confined in the Louisville jail, and it was remarked that he had no means of obtaining counsel, and my father, although being assured that his case was hopeless,

sent him a lawyer and defrayed the expenses; for which kindness, when Lovett heard of it, he bequeathed him his head, desiring "that it should be given, after his execution, to the actor Booth, with the request that he would use it on the stage in Hamlet, and think when he held it in his hands of the gratitude his kindness had awakened."

The skull was accordingly sent to my father's residence while he was absent from the city; and my mother, finding what a horrible thing had been left in her house, immediately returned it to the doctor to whom it had been entrusted for preparation and delivery. In 1857, the doctor, who had retained the skull, sent it to Edwin Booth, who used it in the grave-yard scene in "Hamlet" on several occasions, and afterward had it buried.

In the year 1850, my father played several engagements at the National Theatre, Chatham Square, New York. At this time the Broadway Theatre, now demolished, was the only establishment on Broadway strictly devoted to the drama. A misunderstanding having occurred between Mr. Marshall, the lessee, and Mr. Booth, he was prevailed upon by Mr. Purdy, of the National, to accept an engagement with him. He was sup-

ported by John R. Scott, H. A. Perry and a superior company. The house was nightly crowded with his admirers. Subsequently, he made his last appearance in New York at this theatre.

Edwin Booth was born at the Farm, on the memorable night in November, 1833, when the heavens were all alight with the grand meteoric shower. He was educated in Baltimore, and made his first appearance in 1849, in the sixteenth year of his age, at the Boston Theatre, in the character of "Tressel," to his father's "Richard." He afterward essayed "Edgar," his father personating "Lear."

The following remarks on "Lear," are from the pen of a Boston critic of known ability: —

"The elder Kean was Hazlitt's darling, and the fame of the actor is intimately blended with, if not dependent on, the pages of that acute essayist. Booth was Kean's rival, and this may in some measure account for the spirit of bitterness, which occurs repeatedly. By comparing Booth, whom I know so well, with the *record* of an actor I never had the pleasure of seeing, I believe him to be Kean's superior, and strange as it may appear, I extract testimony from Hazlitt's book, almost sufficient to prove that Hazlitt thought so too. Read the passages characterizing the

tragedy of 'Lear;' think how exacting was the ideal of the critic, and remember that Booth's performance of 'Lear' gave him 'great pleasure,' and Kean's 'considerably disappointed him.' Thus the case seems clearly made out; at any rate, it sets the absurd question of imitation entirely at rest, as Booth's performance of that sublimest character of Shakspeare came *first* in point of time, and this, too, when he was very young (say twenty-three), while Kean was in the maturity of his powers. 'Out of this nettle,' *detraction*, 'I pluck this flower' of the critics' good opinion."

The beautiful verses here introduced evince an honest appreciation of my father, and are by W. O. Eaton, Esq., of Boston: —

"TO JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH.

"Shall we who see such fire believe thee old?
Yes, old, but yet not stale; for like to wine
Thy spirit, while those sinews vigor hold,
Years cannot ravish of its power divine.
The glow of genius Time cannot eclipse,
Till death restores it to the land of light! —
Long be his pale seal absent from thy lips,
And reason guide that wayward mind aright!

"Health to thee, Junius! for a heart thou hast
That spurns the cold cares of a cunning world,
And linked with many a legend of the past,
Thy sterling nature often has unfurled.

Meekness, companion of the truly great,
Strong common sense, that always speaks a man,
Unchanging courtesy to low estate, —
These exalt thee as high as genius can.

"Moths rise and flutter round thy solar blaze,
And glitter till its full power's displayed;
Then, blinded by the sun on which they gaze,
With withered wings, they sink again to shade.
The spurious fame by partial gazetteers,
On those they love, conferred with lavish hand,
Has never brayed its discord in thy ears
To fill thy pocket, or deceive the land.

"What's thine is thine, by honest means alone;
Blame, praise, have never made thee more nor less;
An eagle is an eagle on his throne,
Or at the archer's feet in last distress.
And whose the mind, howe'er sublime or crude,
But feels the truth to nature of thy soul,
In all that's fiery, subtle, calm, or rude,
From the great labor's opening to the goal?

"Republican by nature if not birth,
Remembrancer of days of rapture gone,
Genius that hast no country save all earth,
Surviving peer of great ones that we mourn, —
Far happier thou by glory crowned to live,
Than sleep where laurels fade, nigh Lethe's wave;
May age still give thee all that life can give,
And love attend thee to a painless grave."

XVI.

"Rivers from bubbling springs
Have rise at first."

IN the summer of 1850, while Edwin and Mr. J. S. Clarke were ruralizing at the Farm, they were solicited by a number of the residents and collegians of Bel Air to favor them with a dramatic reading, — which style of entertainment was greatly in vogue in private circles. They willingly complied with the request, having previously recited together the quarrel of "Brutus" and "Cassius," and other pieces at school, before the not very critical audience of "parents and friends," among whom, conspicuously and with pleased countenance, sat "the elder Booth." As the solicitation was general and admitted of no delay, they mounted their horses and rode twenty-five miles on a sultry summer day to obtain printed programmes in Baltimore. They

were greatly surprised to find that my father, instead of offering any objection to their *reading*, entered into all their plans with boyish elation, and became as enthusiastic about it as themselves. He insisted upon retaining a number of the programmes to enclose to friends in distant cities, and strongly urged, if the *reading* proved successful, they should "try the large towns," especially recommending Havre de Grace. Buoyant with expectation, the two friends rode back the next day, and immediately commenced arranging a large room in the county court-house, which had been offered for their convenience. The doors and windows were instantly besieged by an eager throng of rustics, who were anxious to witness the preparations for the great show, evidently expecting that a circus or some wonderful magician was to exhibit, as nothing more elevated than such performances had ever been given in Bel Air, so publicly, and on so grand a scale.

The "tragedians" had prepared themselves with necessary "properties," obtaining from the Farm a sheet for the curtain, and a dinner-bell to *ring up*. While endeavoring to hang their curtain, one of them fell from a barrel, on which he

was standing. This seemed to create a feeling of disgust among the countrymen, as one remarked, "You're a pretty circus-actor; can't balance yourself on that." Nothing daunted, however, they proceeded with their work, and finally the curtain was adjusted, footlights set, and seats arranged. Old Joe (who had occasionally been employed as a sort of crier about the court-house) was sent forth to post the bills. He walked miles, carrying his bucket and brush, and ringing a bell at intervals, while he cried out in his peculiar tone, "Oyes, Oyes, Oyes, — to-night great tragedy!" Quite an excitement was caused by this proceeding and the old man was closely followed by the curious of either sex and color. He faithfully performed his duty, placing the bills on every available corner; and far out on the country roads, the placards decorated the fences, trees, and outhouses. As the "tragedians" rode in from the farm on that eventful evening, to their intense chagrin they discovered that every bill had been posted upside down. "The house was full and fashionable;" the audience strictly observing the primitive regulations of their meeting-house, — separating at the portal, and seating themselves in

perfect silence, — the gentlemen on one side of the room, and the ladies on the other. The order observed was not materially different from that of their sacred edifices, as the performance was allowed to proceed to the conclusion without the slightest interruption.

THE PROGRAMME.

GRAND DRAMATIC FESTIVAL
AT THE COURT-HOUSE IN BEL AIR,
SATURDAY, AUGUST 2.

In compliance with the request of several gentlemen,

MR. EDWIN BOOTH

respectfully informs the inhabitants of Bel Air and vicinity, that he will give one entertainment as above, in conjunction with

MR. J. S. CLARKE.

The performance will consist of

SHAKSPERIAN READINGS, ETC.

PART FIRST.

Selections from RICHARD III.

Richard III., ... Mr. E. Booth.

Selections from MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Shylock, ... Mr. J. S. Clarke.

The celebrated Dagger Scene from MACBETH.

Macbeth, ... Mr. E. Booth.

Selections from Kotzebue's STRANGER.

The Stranger, ... Mr. J. S. Clarke.

Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death, . . . Mr. E. Booth.

Selections from Otway's tragedy of VENICE PRESERVED.

Jaffier, ... Mr. J. S. Clarke.

Selections from RICHELIEU.

Cardinal Richelieu, ... Mr. E. Booth.

The great Quarrel Scene from JULIUS CÆSAR.

Brutus, ... Mr. E. Booth.

Cassius, ... Mr. J. S. Clarke.

PART SECOND.

YANKEE STORIES, ETC.

Mr. Clarke's peculiar illustration of

"A YOUNG MAN'S FIRST APPEARANCE AS AN ACTOR."

Cards of admission, 25 cents; children under twelve, 12½ cents. Doors will open at 7 o'clock. Performance will commence at 8.

The profits of the entertainment amounted to thirty dollars. Edwin, shortly after this, accompanied father on his professional travels, and showing a predilection for the stage, he acted occasionally "Hemeya" in "The Apostate," "Wilford" in "The Iron Chest," "Titus" in "Brutus," and "Cassio" in "Othello." In nearly every city they visited, he heard of the Bel Air performance, owing to the bills which father had forwarded to friends; and the incidents of that occasion have since been the cause of many a hearty laugh, while, in the annals of the little country town, the visit of "The Players" serves as a chronological event.

While fulfilling an engagement at the National Theatre, New York, my father, being too unwell to perform one evening, proposed to the manager to substitute Edwin for the character. An apology was accordingly made, and Edwin enacted "Richard III." most creditably, although a mere boy. John R. Scott, the "Richmond" of the evening

who led him before the curtain, and addressed the audience in his behalf, pronounced him

"A worthy scion of a noble stock."

In 1850, my father performed "Brutus" in Washington, and Edwin "Titus." The author, John Howard Payne, witnessed this performance. Shortly afterward, this play was repeated by father and son in Richmond. In the solemn interview between "Brutus" and "Titus," where the Roman Consul is condemning his recreant son to an ignominious death, my father's countenance portrayed an agony of suffering, and tears streamed from his eyes as he gathered the head of his offending boy to his bosom. The audience was breathless with intensity; but the silence was suddenly interrupted by an exclamation from a drunken man in the gallery. My father still enwrapt in the character he was portraying with such truthful earnestness, raised his eyes, and fixing them upon the man with a steady gaze, exclaimed sternly, "Beware, I am the headsman, — I am the executioner." The singular effect thus produced was shown in the continued silence of the audience, which at last burst forth in rapturous applause.

This complete identification with the character assumed, was one of the great beauties of his acting. How clear and vigorous the mind must be to imbue itself with all those varied tints of character and become absorbed in the individuality of another. Yet how frequently do persons of supposed judgment assert, that few actors can perform creditably, unless under the influence of some powerful stimulus. A moment's considerate reflection would prove this opinion to be as erroneous as it is unjust.

XVII.

"Othello's occupation's gone."

IN 1851, father performed a great variety of characters at the old Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. "King John" was produced. Mr. Booth played the "King," J. E. Murdock appeared as "Falconbridge;" "Pierre" in "Venice Preserved," Mr. Murdock as "Jaffier;" "Cassius" in "Julius Cæsar," Mr. Murdock as "Anthony;" "Pescara" in the "Apostate," Miss Jean Davenport as "Florinda."

In the course of this engagement, the "Merchant of Venice" was announced, with my father as "Shylock." He arrived at the theatre unusually early, and immediately prepared for the part. At the close of the overture the curtain rose, but "Shylock," who had been previously observed by persons about the scenes, was nowhere to be found.

Mr. Fredericks, the stage-manager, was in great perplexity, and everything became confusion and anxiety. It was determined that the play should commence and continue uninterruptedly to the time of "Shylock's" entrance (which does not occur until nearly the close of the first act), meanwhile every effort should be employed to discover the "Wandering Jew," and, if unavailable, in due time the stage-manager's favorite "walking gentleman" and general apologist should address the audience and expose "Mr. Booth's unprincipled conduct."

The much dreaded time arrived, and Shylock had not appeared. Messengers had been despatched to various localities, and the theatre had undergone a thorough search. Mr. Fredericks was in a most unenviable state of excitement, and the prim apologist was ready with his speech, when, at the exact point of time the door of a dark scene-closet was quietly opened from the interior, and Shylock mysteriously emerged therefrom, gently pushed Mr. Fredericks aside, and walked slowly and in deep reflection upon the stage.

The stage-manager, stricken with amazement,

vanished into the green-room, where he related the astonishing behavior of Booth, vowing that "he was always an enigma, — that he never could understand him." As father had not recently appeared in the character of "Shylock," he was consequently more than ordinarily nervous on this occasion, and had dressed early and retired to the most secluded spot he could find, in order to "go over" his part without interruption. He was quite innocent of having created any uneasiness or confusion, and consequently walked out of his darkness completely engrossed with his character.

In the spring of 1852, Junius Booth, who had been for several years a resident of California, came home on a visit to the family, and with the intention of taking his father back with him, as he had been earnestly solicited by the Californians to induce him to visit them. He consented to accompany Junius, more for the novelty of the trip, than the desire of performing there. Accordingly, they sailed in the month of June, taking Edwin with them. After a passage from New York, they reached San Francisco in thirty-seven days, losing, by detention in Panama, eight days. Mr.

Booth opened at the "Jenny Lind" Theatre, and attracted crowded audiences for four weeks, when the engagement was imperatively terminated, the site of the theatre having been previously purchased for the erection of a City Hall. He then went up the river to fulfil an engagement at Sacramento, where the patronage of the public was comparatively small, and his reception, though cordial, was not so rapturous and enthusiastic as that which greeted him in San Francisco. In September, he again performed in San Francisco, and attracted overflowing houses at the Adelphi Theatre. In these California engagements, Edwin acted in nearly all of his father's pieces, appearing as "Richmond," "Laertes," "Hemeya," "Jaffier," etc. My father determined, suddenly, to return to the "States" insisting upon Edwin remaining in California to pursue his profession, and would not allow him to relinquish his engagement to accompany him home.

He had, of late years, frequently expressed his intention of retiring from the stage, and as an intimation that he had concluded to do so, he gave his "Richard's" crown to Junius, saying, "he would no longer need it." This "regal ornament" had

been the special object of his care for many years, and this resignation was sadly and painfully suggestive.

With much reluctance they saw him depart, although he was in excellent health.

He had taken passage on the "Brother Jonathan," and on the morning of sailing, while anxiously superintending the transportation of his baggage to the boat, he was somewhat annoyed at the dilatory manner of a rough, surly seaman who was executing the work. My father kindly urged the man to show more alacrity; but observing that he obstinately moved slower, and was disposed to be insolent, he inquired sharply, "What are you employed for? who are you?"

The seaman, with a vicious look, gruffly replied, "I am a *thief*."

My father, with a quick intuition of character, immediately exclaimed, reaching out his hand,— "Give me your hand, comrade, I am a pirate!"

The sailor looked abashed, yet, evidently recognizing the spirit of kindliness which prompted such a response, gave his hand in silence.

On his arrival in New Orleans, in November,

feeling so well and vigorous, he accepted an engagement at the St. Charles Theatre. He performed six nights, and was greeted with thronged and enthusiastic audiences, but could not be prevailed upon to extend his engagement, as he was desirous of reaching home. His last appearance was as "Sir Edward Mortimer" in the "Iron Chest" and "John Lump."

THE LAST PLAY-BILL.

ST. CHARLES THEATRE.

BENEFIT OF

MR. BOOTH,

And positively last night of his engagement.

Friday Evening, Nov. 19th, 1852.

MR. BOOTH IN PLAY AND FARCE.

THE IRON CHEST.

Sir Edward Mortimer,	Mr. Booth.
Wilford,	Mr. Nagle.
Fitzharding,	Mr. Kemble.
Adam Winterton,	Mr. Mark Smith.
Sampson Rawbold,	Mr. De Bar.
Orson,	Mr. Lewellen.
Rawbold,	Mr. Potter.
Servant,	Mr. Melville.
Gregory,	Mr. Jones.
Peter,	Mr. Howard.
Helen,	Mrs. Stone.
Blanch,	Mrs. Estelle Potter.
Barbara,	Mrs. Howard.

To conclude with the Musical Farce of the

REVIEW;

Or, the Wag of Windsor.

John Lump,	Mr. Booth.

XVIII.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

BEING greatly exhausted after the performance, it is supposed he contracted a cold, which rapidly grew worse. He took passage for Cincinnati on the J. S. Chenoweth, and becoming in a few days very feverish, he drank freely of the Mississippi water, which greatly increased his disorder. There was no physician on board, and he would not trouble the captain to procure one, but with all that patient endurance which had ever characterized him, bore his sufferings unmurmuringly and alone. He kept his state-room almost entirely, to avoid remark, and by this means incurred still greater neglect. His disease turned to consumption of the bowels, of which he died on Tuesday, 30th of November, at 2 P. M. The steward of the vessel reported his last words to have

been, in a scarcely audible voice, — "Pray, pray, pray." On reaching Cincinnati, the masons had the body embalmed in a metallic coffin and deposited in the Baptist vault. My mother was telegraphed for and arrived in Cincinnati expecting to find my father very ill, — the second despatch, announcing his decease, not reaching Baltimore until her departure from that city. She returned home as soon as possible, bringing the body with her for interment.

For three days the house where the body lay was thronged with people of every class. The walls of the parlors were draped with white, covering pictures and mirrors, and all ornaments removed excepting a marble figure of Shakspeare, which was placed near the coffin, and seemed gazing down at the form beneath. The face, under the glass plate, was very calm and beautiful, and the brown hair more thickly strewn with white than when we saw it last; the gray eyes were partly visible between the half-shut lids; and the lips, retaining their life-like color, were smilingly closed. Such a placidity and repose pervaded the whole countenance, that we felt how easy the transition must have been from suffering life to this calm sleep. How often we had found him at rest with just this look upon his

face, and had stepped softly not to disturb him! Now its perfect naturalness occasioned doubt in many minds, and physicians were sent for to satisfy us whether this was really death or a trance. The hope was futile and vain, but while it animated the hearts that suffered, it had become as powerful as life.

Rev. Mr. Atkinson, the eloquent pastor of Christ Church, pronounced his beautiful discourse over the remains of Junius Brutus Booth. The family and attendants afterward proceeded to Baltimore Cemetery, followed by a long procession on foot, composed of the theatrical members, private citizens, and a large concourse of colored people. My mother had requested that no music should be played as the funeral moved, or around the grave. So, with respectful observance of her wish, Volandt's full band removed to a distant part of the cemetery. As the procession toiled slowly up the hill, and entered the grounds, the faint throbs of the dead march broke mournfully upon the ear; the coffin was placed on a bier and set down at the gates of the mausoleum. The music died away in echoes, and the minister, with his long black robes fluttering in the wind, began his solemn service, "I am the

Resurrection and the Life." Hundreds of men stood bareheaded in the bleak evening air; the ground was thickly crusted with snow, which now began fluttering down again, and the sun threw his last gleams over all, as he was slowly sinking behind the hills.

The inserted letter was addressed to my mother by the New Orleans manager :—

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 6th, 1862.

MRS. J. B. BOOTH,

Dear Madam,—It was with deep regret and sorrow that we read here a telegraphic paragraph, on the morning of the 2d inst., announcing the decease of your late worthy husband. It was the more startling because the least expected. During his engagement with us in the St. Charles Theatre it was generally remarked how well he looked and how well he performed. For myself, who remember him since his first week's performance in the United States, and have been well acquainted with his professional career, I was agreeably astonished at the vigor evinced by him, during the six nights he performed with us, and the conclusion of his engagement seemed a cause of regret to the public generally. As a matter of information to you I would state that we paid him ten hundred and eighty-four dollars for his engagement of the six nights. He spoke of having been robbed on his route through Mexico, but I do not recollect of what amount. Trusting, madam, that you will find consolation in the reflection that

the dispensations of Providence are always for wise and merciful purposes, and wishing you health and the enjoyments of life for many years, I am

Your obedient serv't and well-wisher,

N. M. LUDLOW

I need scarcely refer to the high estimation in which his genius was held by many of the most eminent of our countrymen; yet, from the numerous beautiful notices, submit this graceful tribute, taken from a long article in a literary weekly journal:—

"The late Rufus Choate was an enthusiastic lover of Shakspeare's works and familiar with every line of them. Of all the players, he liked Junius Brutus Booth the best. In remarkable power of intense mental action and concentrated feeling, the eminent actor and the incomparable lawyer resembled each other. Booth was the only player that realized his ideal of a great tragedian, and when he heard of his decease he exclaimed sorrowfully, *There are no more actors.*"

On Edwin's arrival from California, he erected a monument over his father's grave. The sculpture was executed in Boston and completed in the spring of 1858, and the monument was placed

over the tomb on the 1st of May, his father's birthday. To this place have been removed the remains of Richard Booth who died in Baltimore, in 1840, aged seventy-six.

XIX.

"At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place."

SO ceased on earth that gentle and unselfish heart! Whatever errors had controlled his judgment, or obscured that penetrative sense which renders men so "worldly wise," it was honorable to his nature, rather than detrimental to his experience, that through all the changes of a varied life, he retained an almost childlike faith in the honesty of human nature. Too credulous, perhaps, of the universality of this quality, he was easily swayed by that unquestioning philanthropy which formed the basis of his character.

In disposition he was mild and unobtrusive, yet his kindness was qualified with undeviating firmness. His idea of *home* comprised a sacred circle wherein few were admitted save the immediate

family. In our childhood everything connected with his profession was carefully avoided, as if he feared, by intercourse or allusion, to throw that glamour over its reality which might delude the senses, and engender romantic desires for excitement.

For his two younger sons, he had a workshop erected in the garden, and stored it with lumber and necessary tools; thus blending pleasure with instruction, he strove to excite in their minds a love of mechanical pursuits, quoting ever, "*Laborare est orare.*" Before leaving for California, he placed them under the careful guardianship of those excellent teachers, the Rev. Mr. Van Bokkelen and Prof. Onderdonk, of St. Timothy's Hall, Catonsville, Md. Prior to any anticipation of this voyage, he was erecting a handsome cottage on the farm, where he purposed passing the summer months of every year.

The building was a well-selected plan in the Elizabethan style, and interiorly arranged to suit his own peculiar fancy. The site selected is near the old cabin (which had for many years been in the occupancy of servants), and facing a cherry-tree of immense bulk, which my father planted

with his own hands. All hope of a family reunion at the old farm was sadly frustrated long ere the completion of the cottage; for the domestic comforts we had pictured for him, had lost their potency.

Occasionally we were permitted to visit the theatre, but were never allowed a free indulgence of promiscuous plays. On one occasion, my father took every member of the family to witness Mr. Macready's *Werner*. I can remember only a sombre man with peculiar brows and guttural voice dragging through what seemed to me a very dismal play; but father pronounced it "a most exquisite performance."

He was always a deep student, and would set himself tasks, committing them to memory like a school-boy. He acquired the part of *Penrudduck*, and performed it perfectly; but failing to retain it for a future rendition, he acknowledged, almost sadly, that "time was gaining on him."

A singular contrast in his character was that assumption of democracy by which he sought the level of the humblest, and encouraged even the low and vile to approach him as a friend; then suddenly that innate dignity which would exalt him as a peer above the herd, and check all

attempt at undue familiarity. There was an awe about him that neither his deep learning, age, nor position elicited, but which the natural demeanor of the man inspired.

All forms of religion and all temples of devotion were sacred to him, and in passing churches he never failed to bare his head reverently. He worshipped at many shrines; he admired the Koran, and in that volume many beautiful passages are underscored; days sacred to color, ore, and metals, were religiously observed by him. In the synagogues he was known as a Jew, because he conversed with rabbis and learned doctors, and joined their worship in the Hebraic tongue. He read the Talmud and strictly adhered to many of its laws.

Several fathers of the Roman Catholic Church recount pleasant hours spent with him in theological discourse, and aver that he was of their persuasion, by his knowledge of the mysteries of their faith. Of the numerous houses of worship to which I have accompanied my father, the one he most loved to frequent was a floating church or "Sailor's Bethel." The congregation was of the humblest degree, and the ministry not at all edify-

ing. I remember kneeling through a lengthy impromptu prayer, which contained no spirit of piety to my childish ears, and looking around wearily at my father, I beheld his face so earnestly inspired with devotion that I felt rebuked, and it became pleasant to attend to that which was so devoid of interest before.

His reverence for religion was universal and deep-rooted. It was daily shown in acts of philanthropy and humane deeds which were too often misdirected. He was not a sectarian, but made many creeds his study, and although the dogmas of the church might have yielded him a more enduring peace, yet the tenderness of his heart, from which emanated his loving-kindness and great charity, afforded strength to his declining years.

"Why then doth flesh, a bubble-glass of breath,
Hunt after honor and advancement vain,
And rear a trophy for devouring death,
With so great labor and long-lasting pain,
As if his days forever should remain?
Sith all that in this world is great or gay,
Doth as a vapor vanish and decay."

COPIES OF OLD PLAY-BILLS.

SCHOUWBURG IN DE AMSTELSTRAAT.

Engelsche Tooneelspelen en Verlustigingen met toestemming van Heeren Burgermeesteren.

Hunner MAJESTEITS Tooneelspelers van het Koninklijk Tooneel van Londen en Windsor verzoeken eerbiedigst de vrijheid den hoogere en lagere Standspersonen en het Publiek in het algemeen, aan te kondigen, dat dit Tooneel, zeker, geopend zal worden op aanstaanden Woensdag den 18den Mei 1814 met het beroemd Engelsch Blijspel.

THE HONEYMOON.

(DE HONIGMAAN.)

The duke Aranza, Mr. PENLEY, JUN. Count Montalban, Mr. PLATT.
Rolando, Mr. SALTER. Balthazar, Mr. STACKWOOD.
Lampedo, Mr. BURTON, Jaques, Mr. JONAS. Lopez Mr. J. JONAS,
Campillo, Mr. BOOTH, Pedro, Mr. FRANKLIN,
Juliana, Miss Watson. Volante Miss LUCAS.
Zamira, Miss PENLEY. Hostess, Mrs. BEYNON.

Voor het Stuk: een gelegenheids-aanspraak, door den Heer McGIBBON.

Na hetzelve: een nieuw Iersch gezang, getijteld Paddij Wellington door den Heer A. L. JONES.

En eene Favorite Schotsche Aria, getijteld Sandy & Jenny, door Juffer M. JONAS.

Tot slot eene lachwekkende verlustiging, getijteld:

THE WEATHERCOCK.

(DE WEERHAAN.)

Old Fickle Mr. STACKWOOD. Young Fickle, Mr. PENLEY, JUN.
Barber, Briefwit, Mr. BURTON. Sneer, Mr. J. JONAS.
Mr. FRANKLIN. Gardener, Mr. BOOTH. Variella,
Miss. WATSON. Ready, Miss. M. JONAS.

Prijs der plaatsen: Balcon *f* 2: 12. Loge *f* 2: 4. Paterre *f* 1: 6. Gallerij *f* 1: :

De deuren zullen ten zes uren worden geopend. Ten zeven uren op het Tooneel.

Entrée Billetten te krijgen en plaatsen te bespreken in bovengemelden Schouwburg van Elf tot Twee Uren.

Speel avonden: *Maandag, Woensdag en Saturdag*

AMSTERDAM, bij HOLTROP, SON, Bookseller, Kalverstreet, No. 36.

Positively the Last Night.

Théâtre Ghent.

Messrs JONAS and Penley, Directors, their Britannic Majesties servants from the Theatres Royal *Windsor* and *Brighton*, under the immediate Patronage of his Royal Highness the Hereditary Prince of Orange, and late of the Théâtres *Amsterdam*, *Rotterdam* and *Brussels*, etc.

On *Wednesday* evening, November 30, 1814, will be presented SHAKESPEAR'S celebrated Tragedy of

Othello, the Moor of Venice.

Othello,	Mr. *Cordell*,	Duke of Venice,	*Montford*,
Iago,	*Booth*,	Gratiano,	*Franklin*,
Cassio,	*Platt*,	Montano,	*J. Jonas*,
Brabantio,	*James*,	Desdemona, Miss	*Watson*,
Roderigo,	*Burton*,	Emilia,	*Penley.*

To conclude with the grand Pantomime, of

DON JUAN,

Don Juan,	Mrs *Burton*,	Alguazile,	*Walker*,
Don Guzman,	*Montford*,	Sailor,	*Franklin*,
Don Ferdinand,	*Cordell*,	Scaramouch,	*J. Jonas*,
Mate,	*Platt*,	Donna Anna, Miss	*Penley.*

Fisherwomen, (with the favorite fishing Duet) Miss *Watson* and *Jonas*
Old Woman, Mrs *Beynon*.

At the end of the Pantomime Don Juan will be rewarded for all his crimes by being cast into the

INFERNAL REGIONS

When will descend a

SHOWER OF REAL FIRE.

Dernière Représentation de la Troupe Anglaise.

GRAND THEATRE.

Abonnement Suspendu.

Gand, le 29 *Novembre* 1814.

MONSIEUR

Messieurs JONAS et PENLEY, et leur Troupe, sujets de Sa Majesté Britanique des Théâtres de *Windsor* et de *Brighton*, qui sous la protection particulière de son Altesse royale le Prince Héréditaire d'Orange, ont eu l'honneur de donner plusieurs Représentations aux Théâtres d'Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Bruxelles, etc.

Les *Comediens Anglais*, auront l'honneur de donner *Mercredi* 30 *Novembre* 1814, *pour leur Clôture*, la célèbre Tragédie de SHAKESPARE, intitulée:

Othello, ou *le Maure de Vénise.*

Le Spectacle sera Terminé par la grande Pantomime de

DON JUAN,

Dans laquelle DON JUAN, est Anglouti par

UNE PLUIE DE FEU.

On commencera à cinq heures et demie.

Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden.

MRS. SIDDONS,

Having in the kindest manner consented to act for the BENEFIT *of*

Mr. and Mrs. C. KEMBLE,

*** *The Publick are respectfully informed that*

This present FRIDAY, May 31, 1816, will be acted Shakspeare's Play of

King Henry VIII.

Henry, King of England, Mr. EGERTON,
Cardinal Wolsey by Mr. KEMBLE,
Cardinal Campeius, Mr. CHAPMAN, Capucius, Mr. KING,
Cranmer, Mr. MURRAY, Lord High Chancellor, Mr. PLATT,
Duke of Buckingham, Mr. BARRYMORE,
Duke of Norfolk, Mr. DURUSET,
Duke of Suffolk, Mr. HAMERTON,
The Lord Chamberlain, Mr. JEFFERIES,
Earl of Surry, Mr. CLAREMONT, Lord Sands, Mr. SIMMONS,
Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, Mr. BELLAMY,
Sir Thomas Lovel, Mr. BOOTH, Sir Henry Guilford, Mr. MENAGE,
Cromwell by Mr. C. KEMBLE,
Brandon, Mr. HOWELL,
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham, Mr. TREBY,
Keeper of the Council, Mr. ATKINS, Clerk of the Court, Mr. CRUMPTON.
Katharine, Queen of England, Mrs. SIDDONS,
Duchess of Norfolk, Mrs. EMERY,
The Marquess of Dorset, Miss LOGAN,
Lady Denny, Mrs. DAVENPORT, Anne Bullen, Miss FOOTE,
Patience, Miss MATTHEWS,
Agatha, Mrs. Watts, Cicely, Mrs. Ryall.

In Act I. The Cardinal's Banquet.

Dancers, Mess. Goodwin, Grant, Heath, Louis, Platt Sargent, Sutton, White.

Mesdames Bradwell, Bologna, Boyce, Heath, Louis, Ryal, Standen, Watts.

Act II. The Trial of Queen Katharine.

Act V.

The Procession to the Christening of the Princess Elizabeth.
The *ANTHEM* to be sung by Mess. I. Brown, Duruset, Everard, Lee, Linton, Montague, Norris, Sinclair, Taylor, I. Terry, S. Tett, Tett, Tinney, Watson, Williams.

Mesdames Bishop, Bologna, Carew, Coates, Corri, Davies, Findlay, Grimaldi, Herbert, Harper, Hibbert, Hiff, Lefeive, Logan, Sterling, West, Whitmore.

After which (by Permission of the Proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre) the Farce of

The PRIZE:

Or, 2, 5, 3, 8.

Lenitive (first time) by Mr. MATHEWS, with the Song of

THE MAIL COACH.

Label (first time) by Mr. LISTON,
Heartwell (*with Songs*) by Mr. DURUSET,
Caddy by Mr. BELLAMY, Juba by Master WILLIAMS,
Caroline by Mrs. C. KEMBLE,
Mrs. Caddy by Mrs. Whitmore.

Printed by E. Macleith, 2, Bow-street, London.

Miss O'NEILL,

WILL PERFORM

On Monday, EUPHRASIA. On Thursday, Mrs. OAKLEY.
And on Saturday, June 8, BELVIDERA.

MR. KEMBLE

will perform On Monday, EVANDER.

Tomorrow, for the Benefit of Messrs. C. I. ASHLEY and S. WESLEY a New Sacred Oratoria called The INTERCESSION—with Two Grand Miscellaneous Acts.

On Monday, the Tragedy of the GRECIAN DAUGHTER.
Evander, Mr. KEMBLE, Dionysius, Mr. CONWAY,
Euphrasia, Miss O'NEILL.
With SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD—and the Melo-Drama of FORTY THIEVES.

On Tuesday, for the Benefit of Mr. MATHEWS, the BEGGAR'S OPERA—With a Farce called A CHIP of the OLD BLOCK—and other Entertainments.

On Wednesday, for the Benefit of Mr. CONWAY, the Opera of The EXILE—With Mrs. WIGGINS—and the Farce of KATHARINE and PETRUCHIO.

On Thursday, the Comedy of The JEALOUS WIFE.
Mrs. Oakley (*for the 9th time*) by Miss O'NEILL.

On Friday, for the Benefit of Mr. JONES, the Opera of The LORD of the MANOR—with TOM THUMB the GREAT—and (first time) a new Festive Entertainment called VENETIAN VAGARIES; *or Pageantry on Land and Water.*

On Monday, June 10, will be revived the *First Part* of *Shakspeare's* Play of
KING HENRY THE FOURTH,
In which *Mr. KEMBLE* will, for the first time, attempt the Character of
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

This present Wednesday, Oct. 25, 1815, will be acted Shakspeare's Comedy of

AS YOU LIKE IT.

The Duke by Mr. EGERTON,
Duke Frederick, Mr. CHAPMAN, Amiens by Mr. DURUSET,
Jaques by Mr. YOUNG,
LeBeau by Mr. TREBY, Eustace, Mr. KING,
Louis, Mr. W. CHAPMAN,
Oliver by Mr. BARRYMORE. Jaques de Bois, Mr. CLAREMONT,
Orlando by Mr. C. KEMBLE, Adam by Mr. MURRAY,
Charles by Mr. CRUMPTON, Dennis, Mr. Sarjant,
Silvius, Mr. BOOTH, Corin, Mr. ATKINS,
William by Mr. BLANCHARD, Touchstone by Mr. FAWCETT,
Rosalind by Mrs. ALSOP,
(*being her 3d appearance on any stage.*)
Celia by Miss MATTHEWS, Phœbe by Miss CAREW,
Audrey by Mrs. GIBBS.

In Act V. *a* MASQUE *incidental to the Piece.*

Hymen by Mrs. LISTON, Cupids by Miss Shotter and Miss Parsloe.
After which will be produced (for the first time) a *New Grand Historical Melo Drama*, in 3 acts, called

John Du Bart;

OR, THE

VOYAGE TO POLAND.

The Musick, Scenery, Machinery, Dresses and Decorations will be entirely new.

THE CHARACTERISTICK OVERTURE,

(Expressive of a Frigate riding in Smooth Water—Weighing Anchor, and Sailing—a Storm rising, &c., &c.,) *with the whole of the Musick, composed by Mr. BISHOP.*

The SCENERY *painted by Mess. Phillips, Whitmore, Pugh, Grieve, and their assistants.*

The Machinery by Mess. Saul and Bradwell.

The Dresses by Mr. Flower and Miss Egar.

The Prince de Conti (elected King of Poland) Mr. HAMMERTON,
John du Bart (Commodore of the French squadron, and Captain of the Frigate the FAME) Mr. FARLEY,
Francis (his son, and Lieutenant of the FAME) Miss S. BOOTH,
Ambrose O'Biberon (a sailor) Mr. TOKELY,
Lieut. Bertrand, Mr. NORRIS, Midship. Master S. CHAPMAN,
Master of the Fame, Mr. HOWELL,
Captain of the Watch, Mr. ATKINS.
Sailors, Mariners, &c., &c.

POLANDERS.

Rodolski (Castellan of Windaw) Mr. EGERTON,
Colonel Cassimir Danowski, Mr. ABBOTT,
Lesko (an officer) Mr. TREBY,
Albert (a Lieutenant) Mr. JEFFERIES,
Polish Soldier, Mr. KING,
Peasants, Mess. W. Chapman, Crumpton, Brown, Powers.
Mimiski (a Vassal to Rodolski) Mr. LISTON,
Polina Mimiski (his Wife) Mrs. GIBBS,
Peasants, Mesd. Bologna, Boyce, Chip, Coates, Corri, Findlay, Grimaldi, Herbert, Hibbert, Hiff, Lever, Norman, West, &c.

In act II.

A FESTIVE DANCE,

(*Composed by Mr. NOBLE.*)

Principal Characters.

Mr. NOBLE, Miss LUPPINO,
Coryphees—Mesdames PLOURDEAU, EMILIE, BRADWELL,
Mons. VEDY, Mons. BERTHET, Mons. BEGRAND,
Corps de Ballet—Mess. Brown, Grant, Heath, Louis, Platt, Sarjant, Sutton, White.
Mesd. Boyce, Chip, Heath, Lever, Louis, Ryall, Stanten, Watts.
The serving of the Guns, &c., &c., in

The SEA FIGHT, and the Explosion of the Vessel,

Under the Direction of Signor RUGIERI.

Printed by E. Macliesh, 2, Bow Street. Vivant Rex & Regina.

Miss O'NEILL

WILL PERFORM

Tomorrow, Mrs. BEVERLEY.
On Saturday, Mrs. HALLER.

Mr. KEMBLE

Will commence his performances for the Season

On Saturday, in The STRANGER.
On Monday, CORIOLANUS.

Mrs. ALSOP,

On her second performance of ROSALIND, was again greeted with the acclamations of a brilliant and overflowing audience—And to accommodate the numerous applicants for Boxes, she will repeat that character on Friday next.

Tomorrow, the Tragedy of the GAMESTER.
Beverley, Mr. YOUNG, *Lewson*. Mr. C. KEMBLE,
Mrs. Beverley, Miss O'NEILL.
On Friday, the Comedy of AS YOU LIKE IT.
On Saturday, the Play of The STRANGER.
The Stranger by Mr. KEMBLE, Mrs. Haller by Miss O'NEILL.
On Monday, Shakspeare's Tragedy of CORIOLANUS.
Coriolanus, Mr. KEMBLE.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

This present THURSDAY, February 13, 1817,
Will be acted the Tragedy of

King Richard III.

King Henry the Sixth by Mr. EGERTON,
Prince of Wales by Miss Goodwin, Duke of York by Miss Adcock,
Richard, Duke of Gloster, by Mr. BOOTH,
Duke of Buckingham by Mr. BARRYMORE,
Duke of Norfolk Mr. COMER, Earl of Oxford Mr. MENAGE,
Henry, Earl of Richmond, Mr. ABBOTT,
Lord Stanley Mr. CHAPMAN,
Lord Mayor of London Mr. ATKINS,
Sir Wm. Brandon Mr. CONNOR, Sir James Blunt Mr. KING.
Sir Richard Ratcliff Mr. TREBY,
Sir Wm. Catesby Mr. CLAREMONT,
Sir Robert Brakenbury Mr. Jefferies, Sir James Tyrrel Mr. Norris,
Aldermen, Mess. Lee and Crumpton,
Officer by Mr. Penn, Forest by Mr. White,
Dighton by Mr. Louis,
Queen Elizabeth by Mrs. FAUCIT,
Lady Anne by Miss S. BOOTH, Duchess of York by Miss LOGAN.
After which, 5*th* time, a *New Ballet Divertisement* (composed by Mr. NOBLE) called

A U R O R A;

Or, THE FLIGHT OF ZEPHYR.

Zephyr by Mr. NOBLE,
Cupids, Misses Parsloe, F. Boaden, C. Boaden, R. Boaden,
Shepherds, Messrs. Vedy, Berthet, Begrand,
Attendants on Zephyr—Mess. Goodwin, Grant, Platt, Sarjant, Sutton, White.
Flora by Miss LUPPINO,
Nymphs by The Miss DENNETTS,
Pastoral Nymphs, Misses Worgman, Shotter, L. Boaden,
Shepherdesses, Mesdames Plourdeau, Bradwell, Mori.

To which will be added, a Farce called

Love, Law, & Physick.

Dr. Camphor by Mr. BLANCHARD,
Flexible by Mr. MATHEWS,
Lubin Log by Mr. LISTON,
Capt. Danvers by Mr. JEFFERIES, John Brown by Mr. ATKINS,
Andrew by Mr. EMERY, Coachman by Mr. HOWELL,
Mrs. Hilary by Mrs. GIBBS,
Laura, Mrs. STERLING.

☞ ALL ORDERS *must be* REFUSED *at the* DOORS.

E. Macleish, Printer, 2, Bow-street, Covent-Garden. Vivant Rex et Regina.

MR. BOOTH,

In his performance of

KING RICHARD,

was greeted with applause as enthusiastick as ever was heard within the walls of a Theatre—He repeats the Character

This Evening, *at the*

UNANIMOUS DEMAND of the AUDIENCE.

The new Ballet of *AURORA; or the Flight of Zephyr*

having been received throughout with every expression of applause and satisfaction, will be repeated every night during the week.

The New Romantick Drama of

THE RAVENS; or the FORCE OF CONSCIENCE

encreasing on every representation in popularity and attraction, will be repeated on Saturday and Tuesday.

The New HIGHLY POPULAR PANTOMIME
will be repeated on Monday.

Tomorrow, (15th time this season) the Opera of GUY MANNERING.
With the Farce of KILLING NO MURDER.

On Saturday, the Operatick Drama of The EXILE.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

This present THURSDAY, February 20, 1817,

Their Majesties' Servants will perform SHAKESPEARE's Tragedy of

O T H E L L O.

Duke of Venice, Mr. R. PHILLIPS, Brabantio, Mr. POWELL,
Gratiano, Mr. CARR, Lodovico, Mr. COOKE,
Montano, Mr. KENT,
Othello, Mr. K E A N,
Cassio, Mr. HOLLAND, Roderigo, Mr. S. PENLEY,
Iago, Mr. B O O T H,
(*His First Appearance at this Theatre.*)
Antonio, Mr. Coveney, Julio, Mr. Ebsworth,
Marco, Mr. Jamieson, Paulo, Mr. Goodman,
Giovanni, Mr. Buxton, Luca, Mr. G. Wells,
Messenger, Mr. Minton, Leonardo, Mr. Evans,
Desdemona, Mrs. B A R T L E Y,
Emilia, Mrs. KNIGHT.

After which (for the 10th time) a new pastoral Ballet, composed by Mr. BYRNE, called

PATRICK's RETURN.

Principal Dancers.—Mr. O S C A R B Y R N E,
Mr. MAY, Mr. EBSWORTH,
Miss S M I T H,
Miss TREE, Mrs. VEDY, Miss HART, Mrs. MAY,
Miss GLADHILL,

To which will be added (4th time at this Theatre) the comick Afterpiece of

The FOLLIES of a DAY.

Count Almaviva, Mr. R A E,
Page, Miss KELLY,
Figaro, Mr. H A R L E Y,
Antonio, Mr. MUNDEN,
Basil, Mr. FISHER, Pedro, Mr. MINTON,
Countess, Mrs. ORGER,
Susan, Mrs. A L S O P,
Agnes, Miss Cooke,

Vivant Rex et Regina.—*No Money to be returned.*—LOWNDES, Printer, Marquis-Court, Drury-Lane.

The Publick are respectfully informed, that

MR. BOOTH

is engaged at this Theatre, and will make his first Appearance *This Evening*, in the Character of *Iago*, in the Tragedy of *Othello*.

Othello, Mr. KEAN.

Due Notice will be given of the next Representation of the Comedy of the INCONSTANT, which was performed on Saturday Evening with the highest Approbation.

The NEW BALLET called PATRICK'S RETURN,

performed on Tuesday for the 9th time, was honoured with a most brilliant Reception: it will be repeated this Evening, and every Evening till further Notice.

THE FOLLIES of A DAY,

performed last Night for the third time, was again received with most distinguished and universal Applause,—it will therefore be repeated *this Evening.*

In Consequence of numerous Enquiries at the Box-Office for the next Representation of

TIMON OF ATHENS,

it will be performed on *Saturday next.*

SOUTHERN'S Tragedy of OROONOKO,

(in which Mr. KEAN made his 9th Appearance in the Character of *Oroonoko* was performed on Wednesday to a brilliant and overflowing Audience, and honoured throughout with the most enthusiastick Applause;—it will be repeated early in the next Week.

Mrs. ALSOP, (Daughter of the late Mrs. JORDAN,)
Will appear as SUSAN, in the FOLLIES of a DAY, *this Evening.*

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN

This present MONDAY, March 17, 1817,

Will be acted Massinger's Play of

A NEW WAY To Pay Old Debts.

Lord Lovel by Mr. BARRYMORE,
Sir Giles Overreach by Mr. BOOTH,
(*Being his 3d appearance in that Character.*)
Wellborn by Mr. C. KEMBLE, Allworth by Mr. CONNOR,
Justice Greedy by Mr. BLANCHARD,
Marall by Mr. TERRY,
Willdo, Mr. Howard, Vintner, Mr. Jefferies
Tailor, Mr. Williams, Tapwell by Mr. Simmons,
Order by Mr. Bellamy, Furnace by Mr. Atkins,
Amble by Mr. Treby, Watchall by Mr. King,
Creditors, *Mess.* White, Platt, W. Chapman, George,
Sir Giles' servants, *Mess.* Goodwin, Grant, Louis, Sarjant, Sutton,
Lady Allworth by Mrs. FAUCIT,
Margaret by Miss S. BOOTH,
Abigail, Mrs. Coates, Tabitha, Mrs. Watts,
Froth by Miss Leserve.

With the Burlesque Tragick Opera of

Bombastes Furioso,

Artaxominous, King of Utopia, Mr. MATHEWS,
Fusbos, minister of State, Mr. TAYLOR,
General Bombastes, (with the air '*Hope told a flattering tale,*')
Mr. LISTON,
Distaffina, Mrs. LISTON,

To which will be added the Burletta of

M I D A S.

IMMORTALS.

Jupiter, Mr. TINNEY, Apollo, Mr. SINCLAIR,
Pan, Mr. EMERY,
Mars, Mr. Crumpton, Bacchus, Mr. Norris, Mercury, Mr. Sarjant,
Vulcan, Mr. Watson, Ganymede, Mr. Sutton,
Cupid, Miss Parsloe,
Juno, Miss LOGAN, Minerva, Mrs. CHIPP, Venus, Mrs. CORRI,
Iris, Mrs. FINDLAY,
The Graces, Mesd. Robinson, Heath, West.

MORTALS.

Midas, Mr. LISTON, Sileno, Mr. TAYLOR,
Damœtas, Mr. TREBY, Shepherd, Mr. Howell,
Mysis, Mrs LISTON, Daphne, Mrs Sterling, Nysa by Miss CAREW,

A Private Box may be had for the Season, or nightly, of Mr. Brandon at the Box-office.

NO ORDERS can possibly be Admitted on the Nights of MR. BOOTH'S *Performance.*

Printed by E. Macleish, 2, Bow-street, London.

MR. BOOTH

In the part of

POSTHUMUS,

made an impression never exceeded by any Actor's first appearance in one of Shakspeare's Plays, and will repeat that character on Thursday and Saturday.

The Part of IMOGEN by Miss STEPHENS.

Mr BOOTH will appear this Evening, for the *third time,* in

SIR GILES OVERREACH,

And on Monday in

KING RICHARD the THIRD.

Tomorrow, (28*th time*) the New Musical Drama of The SLAVE,
With the New Ballet of AURORA.
And SHERIDAN'S Farce of The CRITICK.

On Thursday, Shakspeare's Play of CYMBELINE.
Posthumus, Mr. BOOTH, Iachimo, Mr. YOUNG,
Polydore, Mr. C. KEMBLE Imogen by Miss STEPHENS.

On Friday, a GRAND SELECTION of Sacred Musick.

On Saturday, the Play of CYMBELINE.

On Monday, Shakspeare's Tragedy of KING RICHARD the THIRD,
King Richard by Mr. BOOTH.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

MR. KEMBLE'S LAST NIGHT.

FOR

the BENEFIT of

Mr. Kemble.

Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden,
This present MONDAY, June 23, 1817,
Will be acted SHAKSPEARE'S Tragedy of

CORIOLANUS:

Or, The Roman Matron.

Romans.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus by Mr. KEMBLE,

(Being the LAST TIME of His appearing on the Stage.)

The Child by Miss PARSLOE, Cominius, Mr. CHAPMAN,
Menenius, Mr. BLANCHARD,
Fulvius, Mr. Jeffries, Appius, Mr. T. Matthews,

Tribunes of the People.

Sicinius, Mr. BARRYMORE, Brutus, Mr. MURRAY,

Citizens.

Mr. SIMMONS, Mr. ATKINS, Mr. HOWELL, Mr. MENAGE,
Volumnia by Mrs. FAUCIT,
Virgilia, Miss FOOTE, Valeria, Miss GREEN,
Servilia, Mrs. COATES.

Matrons and Virgins—Mesds. Bologna, Chipp, Grimaldi, Heath, Louis, S. Mori, Norman, Robinson, Sexton, Watts.

In act II. *An OVATION*

With the FULL CHORUS "See the conquering Hero comes,"
By Mess Crumpton, Everard, George, Guiffait, Higman, Lee, Linton, Norris, J. Terry, I. S. & C. Tett, Tinney, Watson, Williams.
Mesds. Bishop, Carew, Findlay, Herbert, Hibbert, Iliff, Liston, M'Alpine, Matthews, Mortram, Sterling, Whitmore, West.

Volscians.

Tullus Aufidius, Mr. EGERTON, Volusius, Mr. CLAREMONT,
Sextus, Mr. Penn, Lucius, Mr. King, Navius, Mr. Grant,
Arnus, Mr. Sutton.

The Publick are respectfully informed that
For the accommodation of a number of Ladies and Gentlemen who have not been able to procure places in the Boxes, the Orchestra will, for this evening, be occupied by a part of the Audience, and the Symphonies between the Acts be played behind the Scenes.

To which will be added the Farce of The

Portrait of Cervantes;

Or, The Plotting Lovers.

Murillo, Mr. EMERY, Don Carlos, Mr. CONNOR
Don Guzman, by Mr. JEFFERIES,
Scipio by Mr. BLANCHARD,
Sancho by Mr. LISTON, Father Benito by Mr. ATKINS,
Alguazils, Mess. Goodwin, Louis, Platt, Sutton, White.
Lucetta by Mrs. Gibbs, Isabella by Miss CAREW.

Printed by E. Macleish, 2, Bow-Street. **Vivant Rex & Regina.**

On Thursday, (for the last time but one) the New Tragedy of
The APOSTATE.

The highly popular Operatick Drama of
The LIBERTINE
Will be performed On Thursday and Friday.

Tomorrow, for the Benefit of Mr. TAYLOR, the Opera of
The WOODMAN,
With *The Festival of Apollo*—and the Melo-Drama of
The FOREST of BONDY.

On Wednesday, for the Benefit of Mr. BOOTH, Shakspeare's
Tragedy of KING RICHARD III.
With the Farce of The MAYOR of GARRATT.
Jerry Sneak, Mr. BOOTH.

On Thursday, (10th and last time but one) the New Tragedy of
The APOSTATE.

On Friday, for the Benefit of Mr. SINCLAIR, (in two acts)
the GENTLE SHEPHERD,
with the Opera of FONTAINEBLEAU,
And the new Operatick Drama of The LIBERTINE.

THE LAST NIGHT

Of the Company's performing this Season.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

This present THURSDAY, July 17, 1817,

Will be acted Skakspeare's Tragedy of

OTHELLO,

The MOOR of VENICE.

The Duke of Venice by Mr. CHAPMAN,
Brabantio by Mr. MURRAY, Gratiano, Mr. ATKINS,
Lodovico, Mr. COMER, Montano, Mr. CLAREMONT,
Othello by Mr. YOUNG,
Cassio by Mr. C. KEMBLE,
Iago by Mr. BOOTH,
Roderigo by Mr. FARLEY, Antonio by Mr. PENN,
Julio, Mr. T. MATTHEWS,
Marco, Mr. SARJANT, Paolo by Mr. MENAGE,
Giovanni, Mr. George, Luca by Mr. Lee,
Lorenzo by Mr. Goodwin, Cosmo by Mr. Heath,
Messenger by Mr. Howell, Leonardo by Mr. Sutton,
Servants to Brabantio, Mess. Grant, Platt, Louis, White.

Desdemona by Miss O'NEILL,
(*Being her 3d appearance in that character.*)
Emilia by Mrs. EGERTON.

After which (*for the 20th time*) a New OPERATICK DRAMA, in two acts, called The

Libertine.

Founded on the interesting Story of

DON JUAN.

In which will be introduced the celebrated Musick in MOZART's
DON GIOVANNI, *arranged to the English Stage by Mr. BISHOP.*

Don Juan (*the Libertine*) by Mr. C. KEMBLE,
Don Pedro (*Commandante of Seville*) by Mr. CHAPMAN,
Don Octavio, Mr. SINCLAIR,
Leporello (*Valet to Don Juan*) Mr. LISTON,
Masetto by Mr. DURUSET, Lopez by Mr. COMER,
Peasants, Mess. Adcock, Crumpton, Everard, George, Guislart, Higman, Lee, Linton, Norris, Power, I. Terry,
I. S. & C. Tett, Tinney, Watson.
Donna Leonora by Miss MATTHEWS,
Donna Elvira by Mrs. FAUCIT, Maria by Miss CAREW,
Zerlina by Miss STEPHENS,
Masqueraders, Mess. Goodwin, Grant, Heath, Louis, Platt, Sarjant, Sutton, White.
Villagers, Mesdames Bologna, Chipp, Coates, Corri, Findlay, Green, Grimaldi, Herbert, Hibbert, Iliff, Mortram, Norman, Saxton, Watts, Whitmore.

The Scenery, painted for this Drama, will be exhibited in the following order:

The GARDENS and CHATEAU of Don Pedro,	Hollogan
HALL in DON PEDRO's CHATEAU,	Hodgins
Distant VIEW of SEVILLE, and Villages around it,	Pugh
Distant VIEW of DON JUAN's PAVILLION on the Banks of a Lake,	Whitmore
PLEASURE GROUNDS of DON JUAN,	Ditto.
SUMMER RETREAT of DONNA ELVIRA,	Grieve
The CEMETERY and EQUESTRIAN STATUE of DON PEDRO,	Grieve
PIAZZI, at Night, ILLUMINATED,	Whitmore
GRAND BANQUET CHAMBER,	Grieve

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The Doors will be opened at HALF past FIVE, and the Play begin at HALF past SIX.

Boxes 7s. Second Price 3s 6d.—Pit 3s 6d. Second Price 2s.
Lower Gallery 2s. Second Price 1s.—Upper Gallery 1s.
Second Price 6d.

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Theatre-Royal, Bristol.

THE LAST OF

Mr. Booth's

TWO NIGHT'S ENGAGEMENT.

On WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1817,

Will be presented, SHAKSPEAR'S PLAY of THE

Merchant of Venice.

Shylock (in the Jewish Dialect) by Mr. BOOTH.

Bassanio Mr. MEGGETT	‡Salanio..... Mr. JEPHSON
Antonio. Mr. LINDSAY	‡Duke of Venice Mr. DAWSON
Gratiano Mr. M'CARTHY	‡Old Gobbo..... Mr. WESTON
Lorenzo. Mr. WEBBER	‡Launcelot..... Mr. DAWSON,Jun.
Solarino. Mr. KING	‡Goaler..... Mr. WYATT.

Portia.....Miss CHERRY

Nerissa...Miss DAWSON ‡Jessica..... Mrs. M'CARTHY.

To which will be added, (*Last Time*) a New MELO-DRAME, in 2 acts, called THE

Inn-keeper's Daughter.

Richard.....(in love with Mary)..... Mr. M'CARTHY
Langley.....(a Magistrate)..... Mr. JEPHSON
Frankland.....(the Inn-keeper).....Mr. DAWSON, Junr.
Harrop.....(Capt. to a Gang of Smugglers)..... Mr. LINDSEY
Edward.....(his Son)..... Master Dawson
Monkton.....(a Country Gentleman)..... Mr. KING
Tricksey.....(a Custom-House Officer)..... Mr. WESTON
Wentworth..... Mr. WYATT
William.....(Mate of Harrop's Vessel)..... Mr. DAWSON
Hans Ketzler (a German, in the Custom-House, under Tricksey) Mr. BROMLEY
Mary.....(Daughter of Frankland)..... Miss CHERRY
Harrop's Wife..... Mrs. DAWSON

On FRIDAY, Shakespear's Play of HAMLET, with the Farce of THE MAYOR OF GARRATT, the parts of Hamlet and Jerry Sneak by Mr. BOOTH, being for his Benefit, and positively the last night of his appearance.

The new grand Spectacle of ILLUSION; *or, The Trances of Nourjahad,* being honor'd with the most distinguished approbation, will be repeated on MONDAY next, with the Farce of THE WEDDING DAY, Lady Contest by Miss FOOTE.

☞ The new Play of THE APOSTATE, is in a state of forwardness, and will be produced, with new Scenery, Dresses, and Decorations

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The PUBLIC

Are respectfully informed, that, by Permission of the Proprietors of the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden,

Mr BOOTH

Is engaged to perform here for a FEW NIGHTS ONLY, and will make his Third Appearance,

This present Evening, Wednesday, July 8, 1818,

When will be performed Shakespeare's celebrated Tragedy of

MACBETH.

Duncan, King of Scotland, by Mr. MASON,
Malcolm by Mr. W. MURRAY——Donaldbain by Miss NICHOL,
Macbeth by Mr. BOOTH,
From the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, being his Third Appearance here,
Banquo by Mr. DOBBS—Fleance by Miss J. NICHOL—
Rosse by Mr. ALEXANDER,
Macduff by Mr. YATES,
Siward, Mr. EDWARDS — Seyton, Mr. DUFF — Captain, Mr. ANDERSON — Lennox, Mr. JOHNSTON,
Officers, Messrs. Swan and M'Grigor — Guards, Messrs. James, Ross, Sandys, Morrison, &c.
Apparitions, Messrs. Brookes, Cheyne, Gordon, Graham, Henderson, Imry, Winter, Snowcoff, and Purvis.
English Soldiers, Messrs. M'Donald, Robb, Sands, Robertson, Arnot, Bulkely, Chisholm, Dallas, Davenport, Ellis, and Edgeworth,
Scotch Soldiers, Messrs. Angus, Bain, Claverhouse, Dornoch, Elwand, Fraser, Gossling, Hunt, Komrie, Lawson, M'Ivor, &c.
Hecate, Mr. SHAW — 1st Witch, Miss DECAMP — 2d Witch, Mr. CHIPPENDALE — 3d Witch, Mrs. NICOL,
Vocal Witches, Mesdames CUMMINS, DYKE, STANFIELD, NICOL, MOSS, &c.
Lady Macbeth by Mrs. EYRE.

To which will be added the Musical Farce of the

Hunter of the Alps.

Felix, by Mr. JONES — Rosalvi, by Mr. ALEXANDER,
Children by Miss J. NICOL and Miss E. STANFIELD,
Jeronymo by Mr. CHIPPENDALE — Juan by Mr. BENSON,
Marco by Mr. ANDERSON — Baptista by Mr. DUFF,
Pietro by Mr. M'GRIGOR — Paullo by Mr.
SWAN — Carlo by Mr. EDWARDS,
Helena by Mrs. EYRE — Genevieve by Mrs. CUMMINS,
Claudine by Miss STANFIELD — Stella by Miss NICOL,
Flora by Mrs. MOSS.

☞ Mr. BOOTH's

Success last Night, in the Character of SIR GILES OVER-REACH, could only be equalled by that, which, on Monday Evening, attended his representation of RICHARD the THIRD ; on both occasions, in obedience to the will of the Audience, the Performances were abruptly terminated with the final exit of Mr. BOOTH, the reiterated thunders of Applause with which that Gentleman's exertions were honoured, rendering the further Progress of the Plays impossible.

To-Morrow will be performed Shakespeare's Historical Play of the First Part of

King Henry the Fourth.

The Character of Hotspur by Mr. BOOTH,
Sir John Falstaff by Mr. YATES,
Being his First Appearance in that Character here,
Henry, Prince of Wales, by Mr. JONES,
Lady Percy by Mrs. DOBBS.

To which will be added the New Farce of HUSBANDS and WIVES

On Saturday, in consequence of the unbounded approbation with which it was received last Night, will be repeated Massenger's Comedy of

The NEW WAY to PAY OLD DEBTS,

Sir Giles Over-reach by Mr. BOOTH.

And on Monday will be repeated KING RICHARD the THIRD.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

This Evening, TUESDAY, December 26, 1820.

His Majesty's Servants will perform (*1st time these three years*) the Tragedy of

JANE SHORE.

Duke of Glo'ster, Mr. WALLACK, Lord Hastings, Mr. COOPER.
Belmour, Mr. BARNARD, Dumont, Mr. BOOTH.
Jane Shore, Mrs. W. West, Alicia, Mrs. EGERTON.

After which will be produced, (*for the 1st time*) A NEW GRAND COMIC PANTOMIME, called The

North West Passage;

Or, Harlequin Esquimaux.

With entirely NEW SCENES, DRESSES, MACHINERY, DECORATIONS, TRICKS, &c.
The OVERTURE and MUSIC composed and selected by Mr. HORN.
The SCENERY by Messrs. MARINARI, ANDREWS, DIXON, and numerous ASSISTANTS.
The DRESSES by Mr BANKS & the Misses SMITHS. *The Properties by Mr. R. Morris & Assistants*
The ACTION arranged by Mr. BOLOGNA.

Neptune, Mr. THOMPSON.
Tritons, Messrs. SHELDON and CARTER,
Genius of the North, Mr. MEREDITH,
Genius of the West, Mrs. COVENEY,
Genius of the East, Mr. WALKER,
Genius of the South, Mrs. DOBBS.
Jack Frost, Mr. HUGHES, Tom Thaw, Mr. GEORGE,
Icicle, Mr. RANDALL. Hail. Mr. SHERIFF, Sleet, Mr. SMITH,
Snow, Mr. ISAACS, Fog, Mr KEELEY, Magnet. Mr. MAXWELL,
Boreas, Mr. MORETON, Europe, Mrs. MARGERUM,
ASIA, Mrs. SHELDON, Africa, Mr. THOMAS,
America, Mr. READ
Amphitrite. Mrs. MAXWELL.
Captain of the Hecla. Mr. VINING. Midshipman, Mr. RAYMOND,
Boatswain, Mr. WILLMOTT,
Irish Sailor, (*with a Song*) Mr. DOBBS.
Sailors, Messrs. Cryer, West. T. West, Bynam, Hufflett, Waldie, Veale, Affley, Taylor, Jackson, Tomkins, &c. &c.
Young Esquimaux, afterwards Harlequin, Mr. BOLOGNA.
Chief Esquimaux, Mr. STARMER
Esquimaux Men, Messrs. Gussio, Vials, Hogg, H. Hogg, Winterburn, Tulip, Underhill, Hussey, King, Simson, Jolly, Tiler, &c.
Pantaloon, Mr. ELLIOTT,
Clown, Mr. SOUTHBY,

Fiends, Masters, Byrne, Hildrew.
Braggadocio, Master G. Carr, Letter-boy, Master C. Carr,
Chimney Sweeper, Master R. Carr.
Esquimaux Girl, afterwards Columbine, Miss T R E E,
Esquimaux Women, Mesdms. Taylor, Willmott, Webster, Cooper,
Raymond, Hill, Edwards, Bologna, Tokely, Simson,
Brown, Wilkins, Johnson, &c.
Men at Arms, Constables, Porters, Passengers, Publican, Jews,
Confectioners, Chimney Sweeper, Lamplighter, Barber, Tallow-
chandler, Soldiers, Recruits, Beadles, Fishwomen, &c. &c.
In the Course of the PANTOMIME, the following NEW SCENERY:

The Frozen Sea and Icebergs, with the Discovery Ships.
The Northern Phenomenon, Crimson Snow.
The Prince Regent's Straits, with the HECLA at Anchor.
Confectioner's Shop, Public House, and Cottage.
A New Bridge.
Tallow-chandler's and Hairdresser's Shops.
Billingsgate, with a Flight across the Thames.
Margate Pier, and arrival of the Steam Boats.
Waterloo Bridge and Turnpike.
A Street in London.
Interior of an Inn.
Marriott's Shop, and Bolt in Tun Inn, Fleet Street.
Kitchen.
Brentford Market Place.
Tyburn Turnpike, and

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With the Convention of the Four Quarters of the Globe.

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GIOVANNI in IRELAND.

To-*morrow*, PIZARRO.
On Thursday, CORIOLANUS.
On Friday, The DRAMATIST With The RIVAL SOLDIERS.
On Saturday, The WONDER. Don Felix, Mr. Elliston.
Violante, by a Lady, *her 1st appearance at this Theatre.*

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